

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

CONTENTS

Of Quartet-Playing . . .	<i>Adolfo Betti</i>
The History of the Viola in Quartet Writing . . .	<i>Rebecca Clarke</i>
The Workmanship of Mendelssohn	<i>Alexander Brent Smith</i>
The Minor Chord . . .	<i>A. H. Fox Strangways</i>
A Forgotten Salon . . .	<i>George A. Scott</i>
Recollections of Beethoven . . .	<i>Mary Katherine Horgan</i>
Verdi's Letters to Léon Escudier . . .	<i>J. G. Prodhomme</i>
Burns and the Scottish Folk-Song	<i>Gerald E. H. Abraham</i>
Opera as it is—and may be:	
The Production of Opera in England . . .	<i>Hubert J. Foss</i>
Two British Operas . . .	<i>Nicholas Gatty</i>
Some Recent Operas . . .	<i>Clive Carey</i>
A Nation of Opera-Goers . . .	<i>Rosa Newmarch</i>

Reviews

Correspondence

Price Five Shillings

Copies are to be had of
THE MANAGER, MUSIC AND LETTERS,
22, ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2,
and through all booksellers and newsagents

Published for the Proprietor by
G. W. HOLT, 22, ESSEX STREET, W.C. 2.

Printed by
GEORGE BERRIDGE & Co., 174, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. 4.



The Greatest of all **Pianofortes**

No one questions the price
of a great work of art.

And no one questions the fact
that the Steinway Piano is not
only supreme among Pianos
but also the greatest industrial
work of art that the genius of
musical instrument construction
has ever produced.

STEINWAY

AND SONS

STEINWAY HALL
LONDON, W.

STEINWAY HALL
NEW YORK



The Royal College of Music.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1883.

Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, LONDON, S.W. 7.

Telegraphic Address: "Initiative, Southkens, London." Telephone: "1160 Western."

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Director—Sir HUGH P. ALLEN, M.A., D.Mus.

Hon. Secretary—GEORGE A. MACMILLAN, Esq., D.Litt.

Registrar—CLAUDE AVELING, Esq., M.A.

THE COLLEGE offers a complete course of musical instruction to pupils, both professional and amateur, by teachers of the highest eminence in all branches. Pupils when sufficiently advanced have the opportunity of putting their knowledge into practice at the Ensemble rehearsals, the Orchestral practices, the frequent College Concerts, and the Opera Class. Upwards of seventy Scholarships and Exhibitions have been founded, a portion of which are competed for annually. They provide free musical education. There are also Exhibition, Prizes, and other pecuniary advantages, for particulars of which see the Syllabus.

The Tuition Fee is £12 12s. per term, which includes a Principal and Second Study, as well as paper work, classes, &c.

A JUNIOR DEPARTMENT is established for pupils up to 16 years of age. Fee £6 6s. per term for one Subject with Rudiments of Music and Harmony. Entrance Fee £1 1s.

The Entrance Examination Fee is £2 2s.

Special Teachers' Training Course Classes have been arranged to meet the Requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council.

An examination for "Associateship of the Royal College of Music" (A.R.C.M.) is held twice a year. It is conducted by the Director and Professors of the College. The fee for this examination is £5 5s.

The College Syllabus and all further particulars can be obtained by application to the Registrar.

The Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund (Founded by Sir S. Ernest Palmer, Bart., F.R.C.M.), for the encouragement of British Composers and Executive Artists. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.

The Greatest of all **Pianofortes**

No one questions the price
of a great work of art.

And no one questions the fact
that the Steinway Piano is not
only supreme among Pianos
but also the greatest industrial
work of art that the genius of
musical instrument construction
has ever produced.

STEINWAY

AND SONS

STEINWAY HALL
LONDON, W.

STEINWAY HALL
NEW YORK



The Royal College of Music.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1883.

Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, LONDON, S.W. 7.

Telegraphic Address: "Initiative, Southkens, London." Telephone: "1160 Western."

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Director—Sir HUGH P. ALLEN, M.A., D.Mus.

Hon. Secretary—GEORGE A. MACMILLAN, Esq., D.Litt.

Registrar—CLAUDE AVELING, Esq., M.A.

THE COLLEGE offers a complete course of musical instruction to pupils, both professional and amateur, by teachers of the highest eminence in all branches. Pupils when sufficiently advanced have the opportunity of putting their knowledge into practice at the Ensemble rehearsals, the Orchestral practices, the frequent College Concerts, and the Opera Class. Upwards of seventy Scholarships and Exhibitions have been founded, a portion of which are competed for annually. They provide free musical education. There are also Exhibition, Prizes, and other pecuniary advantages, for particulars of which see the Syllabus.

The Tuition Fee is £12 12s. per term, which includes a Principal and Second Study, as well as paper work, classes, &c.

A JUNIOR DEPARTMENT is established for pupils up to 16 years of age. Fee £6 6s. per term for one Subject with Rudiments of Music and Harmony. Entrance Fee £1 1s.

The Entrance Examination Fee is £2 2s.

Special Teachers' Training Course Classes have been arranged to meet the Requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council.

An examination for "Associateship of the Royal College of Music" (A.R.C.M.) is held twice a year. It is conducted by the Director and Professors of the College. The fee for this examination is £5 5s.

The College Syllabus and all further particulars can be obtained by application to the Registrar.

The Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund (Founded by Sir S. Ernest Palmer, Bart., F.R.C.M.), for the encouragement of British Composers and Executive Artists. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.



The Royal Academy of Music,

YORK GATE, MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W. 1.
INSTITUTED, 1822. INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1830.

PATRONS—

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.

Principal—SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, K.C.V.O., Mus.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC offers to students of both sexes (whether amateur or professional) a thorough training in all branches of music under the most able and distinguished Professors. In addition to receiving individual lessons in the various branches of the Curriculum, students have the advantage of attending the Orchestral, Choral, and Chamber Music classes, and the weekly lectures on music and musicians. Evidence of their progress is given at the Fortnightly and Public concerts and by periodical Operatic and Dramatic Performances.

There are three Terms in the Academic year—viz., the Michaelmas Term, from Michaelmas to Christmas; the Lent Term, from early in January to Easter; and the Midsummer Term, from early in May until the end of July. The Fee for the ordinary curriculum is 14 Gns. per Term.

A large number of Scholarships and Prizes are founded and are competed for periodically.

Students who show special merit and ability receive the distinction of being elected by the Directors Associates of the Institution, and are thereby entitled to the use after their names of the letters A.R.A.M. Students who distinguish themselves in the musical profession after leaving the Institution may be elected by the Directors Fellows of the Royal Academy of Music, and are thereupon entitled to the use after their names of the letters F.R.A.M.

Subscribers have the privilege of attending the Lectures and Public Concerts and of introducing friends in proportion to the amount of their subscriptions.

An Examination of persons trained independently of the Academy is held twice a year—viz., during the Summer and Christmas vacations—successful candidates at which are elected Licentiates of the Academy, and are thereupon entitled to the use after their names of the letters L.R.A.M. A Special Teachers' Training Course to meet the requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council has been instituted. A Junior Department is now open.

Prospectus, entry forms, and all further information may be obtained on application.

J. A. CREIGHTON, Secretary.

"A book that will be treasured by every student of John Gay."—*The Queen*.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Its Predecessors and Successors

By FRANK KIDSON

With a portrait of Gay and 7 illustrations.
Foolscap 8vo 5s net.

"Mr Frank Kidson has succeeded in preparing a delightful volume, and those who love *The Beggar's Opera* will welcome all that he has discovered of its history by careful research which has evidently been a labour of love. Its history is revealed with a master touch and succeeds in impressing the reader with the atmosphere and times of *The Beggar's Opera*, and helps to establish the latter more than ever—if that were possible—in the affections of the reader."—*The Court Journal*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
C. F. Clay, Manager; London: Fetter Lane, E.C. 4

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD of The R.A.M. & The R.C.M. FOR LOCAL EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

Patron—His Majesty the King.
President—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC. Written Examinations held at all Centres in March and November. Practical Examinations at all Centres in March-April, and in the London District and certain Provincial Centres in Nov.-Dec. also. For dates of entry, see current Syllabus A.

"SCHOOL" EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC. Held throughout the British Isles three times a year, viz., March-April, June-July and Oct.-Nov. For dates of entry, see current Syllabus B.

ELOCUTION EXAMINATIONS will be held at certain fixed centres each year in March-April, June-July, and October-November. For full particulars see special Elocution Syllabus.

The Board offers annually Six Exhibitions, tenable at the R.A.M. or the R.C.M. for Two or Three Years.

Syllabuses A and B, Elocution Syllabus, Entry Forms and any further information may be obtained post free from THE SECRETARY, 14 & 15, Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

MANDEVILLE PLACE, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1.

(Instituted 1872.)

President: The Right Hon. The EARL OF SHAFFESBURY, K.P., K.C.V.O.

Chairman of Board: Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, C.V.O., M.A., Mus.D.

Director of Studies: C. W. PEARCE, M.A., Mus.D., F.R.C.O.

Director of Examinations: E. F. HORNER, Mus.D., F.R.C.O.

TEACHING DEPARTMENT.

Michaelmas, Lent and Summer Terms (twelve weeks each) begin respectively in September, January and April.

The College provides complete and systematic instruction and training in every recognised musical subject and Elocution, during the day and evening. Students are received for single subjects, for the course arranged to suit special individual needs or for the scheme of Lecture-Classes in preparation for the requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council which has been approved by that Council.

All modern systems of Technique (whether for the Pianoforte, Violin, or other instrument) and of Vocal Training are taught by qualified professors.

Preparation for all Public Examinations in the Theory and Practice of Music, including University Degree Examinations.

The College Orchestra, the Choir, the Light Opera Class, and the various Ensemble Classes, Lectures on Musical History, etc., are open also to those not attending the College for other subjects.

In the Junior School students are admitted up to 16 years of age at reduced fees.

SCHOLARSHIP and EXHIBITIONS.

There are 30 Scholarships, and additionally the Bambridge Pianoforte Scholarship of the annual value of £100 (including maintenance) tenable at the College and open to all British subjects up to certain age limits; also 18 Scholarships for Matriculated Students of the Universities of London and Durham, and 6 for non-resident Matriculated Students of Oxford.

EXAMINATIONS.

The Examinations for the Teachers' Diplomas of Associate and Licentiate in both Practical and Theoretical Musical Subjects and Elocution, as also for Certificates, are held annually in January, April, and July.

The Local Examinations in the Theory of Music are held in June and December, and those in Instrumental and Vocal Music as well as in Elocution throughout the year at the various Centres in the United Kingdom, and in the Colonies and India.

In connection with the Local Examinations 50 Exhibitions in Practical Music and 10 Exhibitions in the Theory of Music are annually awarded, and are tenable at Centres in the United Kingdom, India and the Colonies.

Full particulars post free on application to the Secretary.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

John Carpenter Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. 4.

(Founded by the Corporation of London in 1880.)

Principal: SIR LANDON RONALD.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC was founded in September, 1880, for the purpose of providing high-class instruction in the art and science of Music at moderate cost to the Student.

The year is divided into THREE TERMS arranged to commence as follows:—*Third Monday in September* (12 weeks); *Second Monday in January* (12 weeks); *Fourth Monday in April* (12 weeks).

Forms of Entry can be obtained on application to the Secretary. Students (Professional or Amateur) of any age received.

The Fees for Amateur Students vary according to the Professor selected, and range from £2 2s. 6d. to £6 2s. 6d. per Term of 12 weeks.

The Fees for Students desiring a Complete Musical Education are of two grades: £9 9s. 0d. and £12 12s. 0d. per Term. Students cannot enter for Class Tuition only.

One hundred and ten Scholarships and Prizes competed for annually in June.

School Orchestra, Fridays, 11 a.m. Under the direction of the Principal and Assistants.

Chamber Music, Harmony and Elocution Classes. RUDIMENTS CLASSES, SIGHT SINGING and SIGHT READING (Instrumental) Classes, are available at low fees to Students taking private tuition. ORGAN LESSONS given daily (evening lessons arranged).

The Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations are open to the Students of the School and Public generally in the following subjects:—Pianoforte, Singing, Sight Singing, Violin, Viola Violoncello, Double Bass, all Wind and Brass Instruments, Harp, Harmony, Organ, Elocution, Accompanying and Timpani. Syllabus can be had post free on application.

H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

Telephone—Central 4459. Telegrams—"Euphonium, Fleet, London."

For 200 years the Broadwood Piano has remained supreme—the finest in the world.

An exquisite purity and richness of tone, perfection of touch and power of "expression," give the **BROADWOOD** Piano a character which has often been imitated but never equalled,



A copy of an interesting booklet—"How I Would Choose My Piano," by William Murdoch, the famous pianist, will be sent post free on request.

BROADWOOD

Conduit Street, London, W. 1.

Music and Letters

JANUARY, 1923

VOLUME IV.

NUMBER 1

OF QUARTET-PLAYING

IN accepting your invitation to write down "something" about the string quartet for your valuable magazine, I feel—I confess, dear Mr. Editor—very much embarrassed, not only on account of my literary inexperience, but also because the field is so vast. As I try to select a few points for my talk, I hardly know where to begin. Besides, I am writing while crossing the Atlantic to America, and so have little possibility of consulting either musical books or scores. Therefore I shall not attempt to discuss any particular subject in an exhaustive way, but just to make a few general remarks at random, as they come under my pen, in a sort of *causerie à bâtons rompus*, as the French say.

If my memory serves me right, one of the first questions you put to me was this:—What is the rôle of the first violin in a modern quartet? What is his individual function in regard to the other players?

Someone has written that the first violinist is a conductor without a baton. Not quite so, I believe. The first violinist cannot, must not, have the inflexible rigidity, the despotism of a conductor, to whom an almost unrestricted liberty of expression may be allowed. The conductor is a *virtuoso* playing on a marvellous instrument, the orchestra. The leader of a quartet is a part—sometimes a prominent, dominating part—but still always a part of a whole. Hence he must adjust himself to the others, be more elastic, less rigid than the conductor. Iron hand, yes, but with a velvet glove. The quartet is a conversation between four friends, not a lecture by one of them

with the others just nodding agreement. So the leader must give the impulse, be the guiding spirit, the *animatore*, as D'Annunzio would say, and yet leave to his colleagues much freedom, a great deal of initiative. He must always be there and yet at times let people forget that he is there.

One quality both conductor and quartet leader are bound to have in common if they want to attain the greatest possible efficiency. They must thoroughly know the psychology of their men—what they can ask from them, how are they going to stimulate or to restrain them as circumstances demand, and so on. One great handicap they both share. They never actually hear their performance, for they are *in* it, not *outside* of it. (In this respect the gramophone has rendered, and will in the future render even more invaluable service to the performers.)

As for the preparation of a work, the quartet leader has the more delicate, the more painful task of the two. The art of a quartettist is much like that of a miniaturist, with no end of chiselling, modelling, adjusting lines and designs, whereas the orchestral conductor is a sort of *al fresco* painter, who conceives everything on broad lines, with sharp contrasts in mind all the time.

Eight or ten rehearsals are generally considered a good number for an orchestral work, whilst thirty or thirty-five are the usual number required to master an important modern quartet (our organisation, the Flonzaley Quartet, needed fifty-five to produce Schönberg's Op. 7).

When an orchestral leader thoroughly knows his score, has acquired a routine of conducting and has under his hand a well-trained body of musicians, he can reach his goal in a comparatively short time. The process with the quartet is generally much longer. Until the four individual conceptions are merged into one, until the artistic unity is reached, every technical inequality abolished and, what is more, the right phrasing, the right rhythm, the right spirit of interpretation is attained, a long, tedious period must elapse. How often, to give an example, after having tried every possible other way, one is obliged to do exactly the reverse of the literal indications of *tempo* or dynamics in order to get the effect the author actually wants! Every trained quartet-player knows this—as well as the fact that, when one begins to study a work, one has to exaggerate somewhat the actual expression marks in order to make a voice prominent and then by mere playing the work over and over again a sort of mutual adjustment is almost automatically made, by which in the end the needed voice stands out quite easily and freely above the harmonic background of the three others.

My experience tells me that the quickest results in studying a new work are obtained when at least one member of the party (preferably the leader) is well acquainted with the score beforehand. The old maxim of Goethe—" *Nur wenn Dir die Form ganz klar ist wird Dir der Geist klar werden* "—here holds true.

Knowing the architecture of a work, one is apt to see clearly the proper relation of a theme to the others: the importance, the significance, the development of each one of them.

Not that the simple knowledge of the score is sufficient to give an exact idea of what a quartet is worth. A trial also is necessary, I think, for there may be always surprises of sound in store even for the experienced quartettist. More than that. I believe that no definite judgment ought to be passed on a new work until a very accurate performance of it has been heard. Approximate readings can be so terribly misleading! How often an apparently insignificant change in a little detail of execution is just like the sun-ray which gives light and expression to what before seemed but a dull and insignificant landscape! How often a page seems to have no meaning at all, simply because the right *tempo* has not been found!

In one of his charming letters to his father Mozart wrote once: "In my opinion the *tempo* is the most important factor in a musical performance." How true! Is the spiritual significance of a work, the right style, the right interpretation, not wholly dependent on the right *tempo*? Truly, as Beethoven said to Maelzel, "*tempo* is to the music what the soul is to the human body." And yet what a subtle, what a capricious thing it is! Are there two persons on earth feeling exactly alike about it? Does the same person feel alike under different circumstances, in different climates? Theodor Billroth, in one of his delightful letters to Edouard Hanslick, speaks eloquently of the relation between the feeling for musical *tempo* and the circulation of the blood. Every musician knows that in the morning one is apt to feel the movements slower than in the evening; that an artist is instinctively inclined to moderate his fast *tempi* when playing in a large hall; that a sustained melody is naturally played quicker on a piano than on a stringed instrument; that a quartettist playing his part by himself will play it at a different *tempo* from that which he takes when performing it with his three *confrères*.

Now, under the conditions, how are we to determine with mathematical precision the exact *tempo* of a musical piece? Can this be done? In other words, can the metronomisation of a piece be absolutely exact? I don't believe it can. I don't believe an author can assign an absolutely exact pace to his work. It is a well-known fact that Beethoven undertook twice over the metronomisation

of the Eighth and Ninth Symphony and each time in a different manner. Metronomisation must, then, be considered simply as an approximative determination, as an indication of the composer's intention—nothing more.

As for the old traditional notations, *vivace*, *andante*, *allegro*, etc., one has known for long how elastic, how far from precise, they are ("absurd," Beethoven called them). Witness such indications as: *Allegro assai ma non troppo—Adagio molto ma senza tardare*—which we find, for instance, in Brahms, and which show only too clearly the perplexity of the composer as to the right indication for a movement.

Nor are the expression marks found to be much more exact. Not only have they different meanings with different composers, but also in different works of the same composer, or even as regards the character of a particular theme in the same composition. A *f* in Tchaikovsky must sound different from a *f* in Mozart. The *p* of a heroic theme has a decidedly different colour of sound from the *p* of a *motif* which is graceful and light. Notation is to the original conception of the author what the portrait is to a living model. As Busoni very rightly says somewhere: "It is for the interpreter to resolve the rigidity of the signs into the primitive emotion. What the composer's inspiration necessarily loses through notation his interpreter should restore by his reading."

Here a question arises almost automatically: What about tradition? Is this the magical key that is going to help us to solve the most delicate problems of interpretation, at least, in the classical works?

Maurice Kufferath, in a golden leaflet ("Tradition et Interpretation"), which deserves to be more widely known, tells us, among many other interesting facts, of striking divergencies in shading, character, *tempo*, made in performances of Richard Wagner's *Siegfried-Idyll* respectively by Hans Richter, Hermann Levi and Siegfried Wagner—three conductors who apparently had the amplest opportunity of getting first-hand indication from the composer himself.

But more than that. The same artist playing the same work at different periods of his life or under different influences will necessarily play it in a different way. And to go even a step further—do we, can we, play Mozart's or Haydn's quartets to-day as they were played in their composer's time? Evidently not. Is there a fashion, then, in playing, as in dressing, writing, thinking, in every manifestation of life? I believe there is, and I don't see any strangeness or any harm in it. Shakespeare's works are performed to-day in a way quite different from that of his own time. Why

should it not be so with a quartet? What are, most of the time, the four instruments but four *dramatis personæ*? And, after all, Mozart and Haydn seem quite well to stand our more sophisticated way of performing. They never sounded more delightful, more fresh, more young than they sound to-day.

But there is another thing which I wish to say here. Though evidently conceived for small rooms, the works of the two old masters seem to accommodate themselves acoustically to the larger halls in which we play to-day better than some of the more modern quartets. Why? Is it because they are written in an idiom which is more in accordance with the natural possibilities of the instruments? The question is too subtle to be discussed here. At any rate, the fact is that whenever our organisation plays in very large halls (from three to four thousand people) it is not Tchaikovsky or Smetana or other orchestral quartets of the kind that "carry" best, but the simplest works of Mozart and Haydn.

But to come back to our point. Are we, then, to discard tradition entirely? Are we to ignore what other artists have done before us? I believe not. I believe that everything dogmatic is fatal in art; that music is something too ethereal to be imprisoned by formulas; that in music more, may be, than in any other art the spirit not the letter counts; that each artist must be, first of all, a creator not an imitator. In a large sense I believe there is and there must be a tradition. Kufferath in his booklet, to which I referred above, has a little paragraph about it which I cannot restrain from quoting in conclusion:—

La tradition, la vraie, celle dont on ne saurait trop recommander aux jeunes artistes de se préoccuper, ce n'est pas celle qui se borne à imposer à l'imitation certains effets, certains procédés de l'exécution, certains aspects d'une œuvre consacrés par tel ou tel interprète fameux; c'est celle qui se fonde sur l'étude directe de l'œuvre, sur les tendances et les aspirations de l'auteur, sur les circonstances morales sous l'empire desquelles il a créé cette œuvre, s'attache à reconstituer la vie intérieure, à faire saillir l'esprit intime, sans lesquelles cette œuvre ne peut avoir ni charme ni expression.*

This seems to me to be as sound as it is admirably expressed.

ADOLFO BETTI.

* Tradition in its true sense, tradition as one would be anxious to commend its observance to young artists, does not limit itself to prescribing the imitation of specific effects or details of execution, or of the "readings" of this or that interpreter. True tradition is based on the direct study of the work, on an understanding of the composer's tendencies or aspirations, or of the affections of his spirit at the moment of creation. Its task is to reconstruct life as he saw it and to manifest spirit as he felt it. Without these the work has neither charm nor expressiveness.

THE HISTORY OF THE VIOLA IN QUARTET WRITING

It is a curious fact that, although the viola is probably the oldest instrument of the quartet, it has been the longest in coming into its own; and one feels, in reviewing its history in chamber music, that, unlike that of the violin and 'cello, it is, indeed, its life history. Many efforts have, it is true, been made to establish it as a solo instrument, but these have been of recent years only; so, although it has always appeared in democratic numbers in the orchestra, its chief scope of utterance as a personal entity has been, and still is, in chamber music, and the quartet in particular.

Whether for so long no parts of importance were written for it because there were no good viola players, or whether there were no good viola players because no parts of importance were written for it, is one of those puzzles, like the problem of the hen and the egg, that are not easy to solve. Good viola players have always been scarce, and in the early days of the quartet must have been practically non-existent. Even up to the present generation the standard was so low that it was almost accounted a confession of failure to play the viola at all; and teachers of stringed instruments have been known quite seriously to advise parents wishing for family chamber music, to make their most unmusical child learn to play the viola, leaving the violin and the 'cello to its more gifted brothers and sisters.

Of late, however, conditions have greatly changed, and the much-snubbed viola has developed from the humdrum, but necessary, drudge to the petted darling of the modern composer; in fact, no quartet of to-day is found that does not give it great, and sometimes almost sensational, prominence.

Probably one of the chief factors in its advancement has been the personal interest taken in it by the composers themselves; for, often anxious to take part in concerted music, yet not wanting to spend much time acquiring the technique of a too exacting instrument, many of them very naturally took up the viola. Indeed, the list of writers for quartet who did so is surprisingly long and complete, ranging through Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Dvorák, to such fine present-day players as Eugène Goossens, Frank Bridge, Waldo Warner, and many others.

It can easily be understood how the affection felt by the composer for his own instrument was reflected in its growing importance in chamber music, and Mozart in particular was the one who first realised that it might have something of its own to say. Before him, Haydn, generally looked upon as the father of the string quartet, had, in his earlier works, treated the viola merely as a necessary filling-in for the four-part harmony; occasionally he gave it a crumb—often a very beautiful crumb—to itself; or, sometimes, in a set of variations, it would take its turn with the others in playing the tune, according to the fashion of those days. But, on the whole, one feels that Haydn, discouraged, perhaps, by the results of writing anything difficult for the tenor in vocal music, fought shy of the corresponding part in string quartets, and found it more satisfactory to treat the viola as an instrument that should be seen rather than heard.

The advent of Mozart, with his more polyphonic style, however, changed things considerably. His extraordinary gift for making every part interesting in itself, and his inborn understanding of the essential characteristics of each instrument, brought out undreamt-of possibilities in the string quartet. It is not alone that he promoted the viola to a position of interest and responsibility, he promoted each of the three lower instruments to a position equal in dignity and importance to that of the first violin, hitherto the acknowledged autocrat of the quartet. But the change was perhaps most striking in the case of the viola, which had up to that time been considered unfit to be entrusted with an important part. One can imagine Mozart, indulgently fond of his own instrument, thinking: "We really must give a nice part to the poor old viola now and then," and straightway proceeding to write in his quartets—and still more so in his string quintets—passages such as it had never before been confronted with. Whereupon the poor old viola player of the day, startled, had to emerge from his comfortable obscurity, and begin to practise, thus helping to lay the foundation on which the viola has risen to its present position.

A passage like this, for instance, from the first movement of the quartet in E flat (K. No. 428):—



in which the viola is for the moment the prominent instrument—may well have seemed difficult in its time, and indeed, to this day

most viola players agree that it is harder to play Mozart really well than to cope with the complexities of modern music. The works of this supreme writer are so full of important passages for the viola that it is hard to decide which to choose for quotation. There is, for example, the variation allotted to it in the last movement of the lovely quartet in D minor (K. No. 421), and the prominent part it takes in the first movement of that in D major (K. No. 575). Then, in the quartet in F (K. No. 590), it creates an unexpected effect in the first movement by taking the subject in the minor:—



But perhaps the most beautiful passage of all, as well as one of the simplest, is in the first movement of the famous quartet in C (K. No. 465), when, at the beginning of the development, the first violin and the viola answer each other with fragments of the first subject:—



It is music such as this that makes one realise how great a debt composers of all ages owe to Mozart. Haydn himself, though his own early quartets had served to some degree as models for Mozart, showed very distinctly in his later ones the influence of the great master whom he outlived.

Beethoven, also, was much indebted to Mozart, and in his first six quartets his use of the strings was almost like a continuation of Mozart's methods. But, as his individuality became more defined, he began to develop his own manner; and in the three "Rasoumoffsky" quartets his treatment of the viola has sometimes, perhaps, more

richness and freedom than that accorded it by Mozart. A peculiarly telling passage comes in the first movement of the first "Rasoumoffsky," in F:—



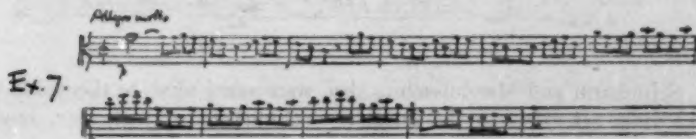
In the second "Rasoumoffsky," in E minor, the viola is given in the third movement the announcement of the "Thème Russe," the same tune used—and how differently—some sixty years later by Moussorgsky in *Boris Godounow*.



The slow movement of the third "Rasoumoffsky," in C, gives an arresting example of the poignancy of the viola tone, when it breaks in with what seems to be a cry of grief and hopelessness:—



Only those who look up the context of this passage in their scores can realise—unless they have actually heard it—the effect this makes after the subdued colouring of the opening. In the wonderful fugue at the end of the same work the viola leads off, entirely alone, for ten bars:—



An exhilarating beginning, but, starting as it does, without even a chord in the other strings to give it a send-off, rather an ordeal for the nervous or inexperienced player!

In his later quartets Beethoven's style became more and more rugged as well as much deeper, and his voices are so welded together into a whole that it is difficult to detach one from the other in one's mind. In a movement, for instance, like the "Andante con moto, ma non troppo," from his thirteenth quartet, in B flat, every note in each part is so full of meaning, and so inevitable in its place, that one has a queer feeling of reluctance to pry into it too closely, or to pull it to pieces for examination. One more extract must be given, however, from the "Allegro non tanto" in the quartet in A minor, Op. 132, because, simple as it looks, it lies so awkwardly that it has been the bugbear of generations of viola players, the light staccato accompaniment giving the lumbering efforts of the viola full—and often most undesired—prominence.

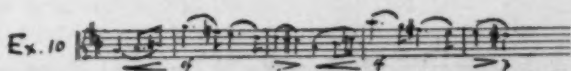


In the quartets of Schubert his use of the viola, though not so striking as that of Beethoven, was most sympathetic and understanding. He seemed particularly to realise its wonderful blending qualities, which bind together, as no other instrument could, the tone of the violins and the 'cello. Only the viola could have made so peculiarly expressive the throbbing effect in the "Death and the Maiden" variations from the great quartet in D minor:—

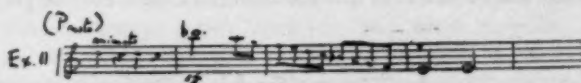


Schumann and Mendelssohn, also, were quite alive to the value of the viola colouring in the quartet. Schumann, in particular, made

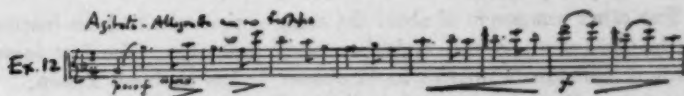
especially happy use of it, as in the slow movement of his quartet in A :—



While finding the rich and passionate character of the lower registers peculiarly congenial to his romantic tastes, he also made effective use of the higher notes of the viola, and appears to have been the first occasionally to employ the treble clef when writing for it in the quartet. His predecessors had not, as a rule, dared to take the viola out of the third position, where its highest note is G, or, at a stretch, A. But Schumann did not hesitate to write for it in the fifth position, when wishing for a special effect, as in the last movement of his quartet in F :—



It is with Brahms, however, that the viola arrived fully into its kingdom. He seems to have had a particular affinity for its intensely personal tone—sombre yet glowing, reserved yet eloquent—so like the character of his own music. His love of it is shown in many of his works, such as in the string sextets, or in his choice of it for the important obligato in his two beautiful songs for contralto, "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied"; but in nothing does he give it a finer chance than in his string quartet in B flat. The third movement (Agitato allegretto ma non troppo) is practically a viola solo throughout, and Brahms has brought out with extraordinary felicity the most characteristic traits of its so often misunderstood nature :—

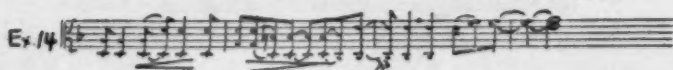


The violins and 'cello play a muted accompaniment, but the viola is given extra prominence by being unmuted, its rather veiled quality

of tone always having a more muted effect than that of its fellows. The end of the first section of the movement culminates in a sort of cadenza for the viola, embracing every register of the instrument :—



and in the Trio section it again has for a long time the important part, before returning to the beginning. In the next, and last, movement, too, (*Poco Allegretto con Variazioni*), it seems as though Brahms, having so strongly vitalised the viola, cannot now tear himself away from it, and it immediately reappears in the first and second variations. His frequent use of double-stopping on the viola, to give body and richness to his harmony, is well shown in the slow movement of the same quartet. Although perhaps looking difficult, the passage lies so well that it is resonant, and quite easy to play :—



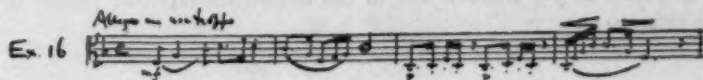
While on the subject of Brahms' double-stopping mention may be made of a curious oversight on his part occurring in the string quintet in F, Op. 88. In the last movement the first viola is given this chord :—



which, as all three notes can be played only on the two lower strings, is obviously impossible.

Two other composers of about the same period who took an interest in the viola were Dvorák and his master, Smetana. The first movement of Smetana's quartet in E minor, "Aus meinem Leben," is one of the outstanding examples of a big viola part—too long to quote—and has always been a great favourite with players of the viola. It must also, however, be remarked that the last movement furnishes some striking instances of awkward and ungrateful writing for the same

instrument. The strongly national character of Dvorák's music found a ready medium in the viola, which always seems especially at home in anything in the nature of folk-music. His quartets—engagingly fresh, and smelling of the open air—abound in such passages, and the viola is always well to the fore. The best known instance is, of course, the opening of the famous "Nigger" quartet in F, though in this case the national atmosphere was not Dvorák's own, but was borrowed from that of the American negroes, in whose music he was much interested :—



The quartets of the Russian composers, such as Tchaikovsky, Borodine, Glière, Taniew and Glazounow, are all marked by great effectiveness of writing; the later composers, particularly, knew singularly well how to make the most of their resources, and their part-writing is always open, resonant, and most playable, almost disguising the comparative lack of distinction which so often accompanies a facile technique and a too great love of effect. Here, again, the viola is often most happily employed as the medium for passages inspired by the folk-music of the country, and also sometimes for those of oriental colouring.

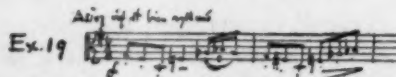
Very different is the French school, where distinction of material as well as of technique is aimed at above everything. Here all is subtle, polished, and delicately sensuous, any crude display of emotion being entirely avoided. Only in the music of César Franck, curiously Wagnerian at times—though notably sincere—does one find any alliance to the more demonstrative schools. The quartet of Debussy marks an entirely new era in chamber music, and definitely throws off allegiance to any traditions that have gone before. In his hands the viola takes a new and delightful character, and becomes an almost sylvan instrument, of reedlike tone; its lovely muted solo in the slow movement might well have been played on the pipe of the Faun in the *Après-Midi* :—



the succeeding dreamy, langourous melody also being wonderfully germane to the viola :—



It is shown in yet another rôle in the insisently repeated phrase in the Scherzo :—



Ravel, in his quartet, has treated the viola with even greater discretion and subtlety; he also has given it many exquisite passages, particularly in the slow movement, from which the opening must be quoted to show the remote and melancholy *timbre* of the lower strings when muted :—



A good deal of use is made in this movement of arpeggios on the viola, giving an effect of full harmony, without undue heaviness. Occasionally these require some manipulation on the part of the player, as in the following, where the top and bottom notes lie opposite each other on the finger-board :—



Perhaps almost the most enjoyable quartet in existence—from the viola player's point of view—is that by Dohnányi; in this we find no false shame about displaying any feeling, and the whole work is unblushingly and delightfully romantic, giving to the viola just the warm, emotional melodies it loves to play. Indeed, seldom does its tone sound more beautiful than in the solo in the first movement, particularly when played entirely on the G string:—



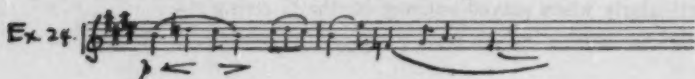
The quartets of modern writers of all countries are full of all sorts of interesting things for the viola, and one could quote page upon page of them, if there were space. For instance, an unusual effect occurs in the Scherzo of Max Reger's quartet in E flat, Op. 109; in one place the violins, without mutes, are playing away fortissimo, while the viola struggles *fff* to be heard above them, its mute making it sound strained and almost hysterical:—

(Quasi Poco)

Ex. 23

It will be noticed that this is precisely the opposite to what Brahms did in the passage already referred to in his B flat quartet, where the viola alone is unmuted, while the other strings have their mutes on.

In the long quartet in D minor by Arnold Schönberg he has, towards the end, given the viola a beautiful solo with a simple recurring phrase, all the more grateful to the ear after half-an-hour or so of his characteristic chromatic convolutions:—



Ernest Bloch, in his remarkable quartet, finds the viola very well suited to his barbaric, quasi-oriental style; the quiet opening of the *Pastorale* is very expressive:

while in the almost brutal vitality of his part-writing in the other movements the viola is not spared, its part often being extremely exacting. A singular effect occurs in the last movement:

the impact of the two unison notes—one bowed, the other played pizzicato with the left hand on the open string—producing a sound quite unlike anything usually heard on a stringed instrument.

In turning to the modern string quartets of England one finds the viola very much at home; Vaughan Williams, Arnold Bax, Edward Elgar, J. B. McEwen, Ethel Smyth, Joseph Holbrooke, Frank Bridge, Eugène Goossens, all give it interesting things to do, the two last-named, both players of the viola, having a special liking for it. A particularly effective use of the dark colour of its lowest notes comes in one of the *Three Idylls* by Frank Bridge:

while in the expert hands of Goossens it is galvanised into unwonted feats of daring, as in "Jack-o'-Lantern," from his *Two Sketches*. Nor should one forget the well-known tune in Percy Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*.

Enough has been quoted to show that the viola has risen very rapidly in the world since the days of Haydn; but it is no parvenu, and has inherent qualities that will maintain it on the high level it has reached. Its characteristic tone colour, the one compensation it gains from the disproportion between its size and pitch, more than redeems it from any drawbacks it may have, and is its chief claim to an enduring position. It has been compared to that of almost every wind instrument under the sun, from the bassoon to the clarinet and oboe, and even the horn; as yet it has not been spoken of as resembling a piccolo, but, judging by present tendencies, that can be only a matter of time! That the viola has, however, a very personal tone of its own, extremely

sympathetic, and capable of great possibilities, no one who has heard a player like Mr. Lionel Tertis will deny, and though to the present generation it must seem as though its technique can scarcely go further, it may be that future years will show such an advance that its position of to-day will be regarded as but a period in its evolution.

REBECCA CLARKE.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, the most richly endowed genius of the nineteenth century, was born at Hamburg in the year 1809. From his grandfather, the philosopher, he inherited a quick intelligence, and from his father, the banker, he inherited an ample fortune, and with it a freedom from worldly cares, a host of sycophantic admirers and a taste for sweetmeats—especially cherry-pies. The only man to whom he can be compared is Mozart, but after we have matched their gifts as composers and pianists, Mendelssohn leaves his predecessor, in some other respects, far behind. His list of accomplishments is extraordinary and almost exhausts the adjectives of commendation. In addition to his gifts as a composer and pianist, he was a good organist and a creditable viola-player; an excellent linguist, an enthusiastic painter, and an eager art-critic; a charming letter-writer, a keen billiard and chess player; an expert swimmer and a graceful dancer. By nature he was serenely happy, and more than that he had the power of radiating happiness. He was, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of Thoreau, almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses. But it must not be thought that he lacked sternness or the power to reprove when reproof was necessary. Those eyes which beamed with love, could also blaze with scorn. His honest but admiring biographers make this quite clear. Sir George Grove says of him: "Anything like meanness or deceit or unworthy conduct roused his wrath at once." But was it always these failings in others which so deeply stirred him? It certainly was not meanness or deceit in Spontini which aroused his wrath, when that pompous but distinguished old man said to him in reference to his youthful opera *Camacho*, "Mon ami, il vous faut des idées grandes." It must, then, have been unworthy conduct. Nor could it have been meanness or deceit on the part of the Parisians which gave him such a dislike of Paris, after the rejection there of his Reformation Symphony. It must, then, have been their unworthy conduct. So intense was his disapproval of their unworthiness that he never visited the city again, though he lived another fifteen years. Truly, Paris was well punished for her unworthiness.

He bore his honours nobly and modestly, but his early training prevented him from enduring slights with equanimity. He felt

himself the centre of every gathering, and he considered his music as something vouchsafed to him by Heaven, for the pleasure and edification of others. He regarded his friends not so much as helpers and critics, but as delighted listeners. In a letter from Italy in the year 1880, he deplores the absence of any companion "to whom I could communicate my new works." We naturally assume from this sentence that his desire is for a companion from whom he could elicit candid and friendly criticism, but this is not so, for the letter continues: "Now, when a piece is finished I must lay it aside without its *giving pleasure to anyone*." Of course, it would certainly give pleasure to anyone lucky enough to hear it, for had not his music always given pleasure to his friends at home?

These are trifling weaknesses which dwindle into insignificance beside the unostentatious nobility of the man; but, still, it is not given to many men, however spiritually deserving, to get such temporal rewards as fell to Felix Mendelssohn. Even the pomps and vanities of this world arranged themselves to provide entertainment for him as he passed through his brief life of eight-and-thirty years. Kings were crowned and Popes were elected to make for him a holiday. Even the stars in their courses fought for Felix, as his biographer states that at the first performance of the *Elijah* it was observed that "the sun burst forth and lit up the scene as Mendelssohn took his place." It sounds suspiciously like a confidence trick.

How was it, then, that such a man of exalted character and transcendent ability should have produced work of such uneven quality? He was a fountain bubbling with water, sweet and bitter. All composers have their good and bad days, but their lapses have been in the quality of their inspiration—the external prompting has been at fault, not the internal. A composer is but the medium through which certain revelations are made; the quality of those revelations is beyond his control, the treatment of them betrays the man. When Beethoven or Brahms fail, it is because the revelation is not so good as the treatment, but when Mendelssohn fails it is because the treatment is not so good as the revelation. Mendelssohn's lapses are quite inexplicable; but, unfortunately, they are so obvious that it is easy to concentrate upon them and to miss the underlying virtues. Two of the most noticeable blemishes in his music are a form of harmony which we associate with mouth-organs, and a form of accompaniment which we associate with second-rate morceau-mongers. For the first mentioned offence there is no excuse or justification. It is incredible that a man so divinely blessed with insight into the beauties of the work of others, be they authors,

painters, musicians,* or Nature herself, could have penned such atrocious harmonies as frequently disfigure all but his best work. How could a man who had read, learned and edited the work of Bach, how could he perpetrate such a harmonisation of a chorale as Mendelssohn did for the second verse of "Now thank we all our God" in the *Hymn of Praise*? At times it would almost seem as if the man who evolved the magical harmony for the second subject of the *Hebrides* had learnt harmony on the vamping system. He vamps the opening of "Be not afraid," he vamps the second subject of the Violin Concerto. Is it possible that this nauseating harmony was the counterpart of his unmanly taste for sweetmeats, especially cherry-pies? The second blemish I mentioned—his facile arpeggio accompaniment—is at its worst merely inoffensive, while at its best it is touched with his peculiar genius. The running accompaniment, half counterpoint, half chord, which he uses in the chorus "Happy and Blest" from *St. Paul* has a charmingly cool and fluid sound like a clear shady river on a warm and cloudless day.

These two mannerisms, thriving in the warmth of Victorian salons, grew to gigantic proportions in the *Songs without Words*. These little pieces, however, did a great service to the world at the time of their appearance. By their simple charm, their perfect design and their exquisite finish, they sang (or played) their way into the hearts of a society who, previous to their advent, had wearied themselves and their neighbours with "Brilliant Morsels," "Cascades of Pearls," "Maidens' Prayers," and a smug, squat tune to which the composer, evidently in pique, had affixed the appellation "Alice." The best of the *Songs without Words* rank beside the smaller pianoforte pieces of Chopin, and far surpass Beethoven's attempts at trifles for the piano. Playing through certain chosen numbers, such as Nos. 5, 10, 38, is like walking through the corridors of the ancestral home of Brahms and noticing in the pictured faces upon the walls some glance, some feature, some expression which betrays the honourable lineage of our host.

Against these occasional blemishes, which cannot be whitewashed or ignored, what occasional merits can we produce? There are many, but I will mention only one, and that is his manner of re-introducing his first subject, wherein he displays an ingenuity of mind equalled by few and certainly surpassed by none. Of course, he was not always successful, but when he is we feel that Prospero has exercised his art. He does not leave one mood and recapture another; he

* He resurrected the works of Bach; he held out a helping hand to Schumann, Berlioz, Hiller and others; he was a devoted admirer and an ideal interpreter of the works of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert.

simply glides from one to the other so swiftly, so delicately, that we realise rather than perceive the change. The return of the first subject, "For He shall give His angels charge over Thee," is musical magic, the harmonies fading imperceptibly from the wistful B minor and becoming as imperceptibly the idyllic G major. Similarly, the chorus "He watching over Israel" is distinguished by the return of the first theme, which alights unexpectedly upon the curve of the second theme, like a seagull settling neatly upon the crest of a rolling wave.

His initial inspiration is rarely at fault; but the succeeding phrases, which depended upon his own arrangement and selection, frequently collapse into the insipidity of a feminine cadence, a sentimental mannerism which pleased his audiences as much as his cultivated tricks of speech coaxed his friends. Although we know that he worked hard at composition, polishing and refining for many months or even years, the result convinces us that the polishing and refining process was applied to their manner rather than to their matter. If Mendelssohn had hammered out his melodies as ruthlessly as Beethoven did, would he have let the *Adagio religioso* from the *Hymn of Praise* remain in that jejune condition? Surely Beethoven would have done something to the third and fourth bars and would have strengthened the feeble cadences. Was it not that he took for granted the infallibility of his inspiration, just as he took for granted the easy comforts of life?

When his inspiration did not fail he reached a level of artistic achievement comparable to that of Shelley, passing from the bondage of earthly ties and roaming spirit-like among the elements, now dancing at King Oberon's tiny court, now playing with the strange, romantic children of the deep. Doubtless he was enabled to see these visions of air and water by his highly developed pictorial sense. Certainly he was quick to create the correct atmosphere and background for any vocal passage that he wrote. The words "Happy and blest are they who have endured" brought to his musical eye a picture of Elysian peace—a countryside fresh with the return of spring, the air warm but not enervating, and in the distance the soothing sound of gently-running water. In his perception of the pictorial element in music he has affinity with Bach, but whereas Bach sees the physical picture, Mendelssohn, whenever possible, overleaps the physical and reaches the spiritual. By so doing he avoids the possibility, which Bach in his haste did not always do, of painting the wrong picture. Let us imagine how Bach might have composed the verse "For He shall give His angels charge over Thee . . . lest Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Is it not likely that he

painters, musicians,* or Nature herself, could have penned such atrocious harmonies as frequently disfigure all but his best work. How could a man who had read, learned and edited the work of Bach, how could he perpetrate such a harmonisation of a chorale as Mendelssohn did for the second verse of "Now thank we all our God" in the *Hymn of Praise*? At times it would almost seem as if the man who evolved the magical harmony for the second subject of the *Hebrides* had learnt harmony on the vamping system. He vamps the opening of "Be not afraid," he vamps the second subject of the Violin Concerto. Is it possible that this nauseating harmony was the counterpart of his unmanly taste for sweetmeats, especially cherries? The second blemish I mentioned—his facile arpeggio accompaniment—is at its worst merely inoffensive, while at its best it is touched with his peculiar genius. The running accompaniment, half counterpoint, half chord, which he uses in the chorus "Happy and Blest" from *St. Paul* has a charmingly cool and fluid sound like a clear shady river on a warm and cloudless day.

These two mannerisms, thriving in the warmth of Victorian salons, grew to gigantic proportions in the *Songs without Words*. These little pieces, however, did a great service to the world at the time of their appearance. By their simple charm, their perfect design and their exquisite finish, they sang (or played) their way into the hearts of a society who, previous to their advent, had wearied themselves and their neighbours with "Brilliant Morsels," "Cascades of Pearls," "Maidens' Prayers," and a smug, squat tune to which the composer, evidently in pique, had affixed the appellation "Alice." The best of the *Songs without Words* rank beside the smaller pianoforte pieces of Chopin, and far surpass Beethoven's attempts at trifles for the piano. Playing through certain chosen numbers, such as Nos. 5, 10, 88, is like walking through the corridors of the ancestral home of Brahms and noticing in the pictured faces upon the walls some glance, some feature, some expression which betrays the honourable lineage of our host.

Against these occasional blemishes, which cannot be whitewashed or ignored, what occasional merits can we produce? There are many, but I will mention only one, and that is his manner of re-introducing his first subject, wherein he displays an ingenuity of mind equalled by few and certainly surpassed by none. Of course, he was not always successful, but when he is we feel that Prospero has exercised his art. He does not leave one mood and recapture another; he

* He resurrected the works of Bach; he held out a helping hand to Schumann, Berlioz, Hiller and others; he was a devoted admirer and an ideal interpreter of the works of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert.

simply glides from one to the other so swiftly, so delicately, that we realise rather than perceive the change. The return of the first subject, "For He shall give His angels charge over Thee," is musical magic, the harmonies fading imperceptibly from the wistful B minor and becoming as imperceptibly the idyllic G major. Similarly, the chorus "He watching over Israel" is distinguished by the return of the first theme, which alights unexpectedly upon the curve of the second theme, like a seagull settling neatly upon the crest of a rolling wave.

His initial inspiration is rarely at fault; but the succeeding phrases, which depended upon his own arrangement and selection, frequently collapse into the insipidity of a feminine cadence, a sentimental mannerism which pleased his audiences as much as his cultivated tricks of speech coaxed his friends. Although we know that he worked hard at composition, polishing and refining for many months or even years, the result convinces us that the polishing and refining process was applied to their manner rather than to their matter. If Mendelssohn had hammered out his melodies as ruthlessly as Beethoven did, would he have let the *Adagio religioso* from the *Hymn of Praise* remain in that jejune condition? Surely Beethoven would have done something to the third and fourth bars and would have strengthened the feeble cadences. Was it not that he took for granted the infallibility of his inspiration, just as he took for granted the easy comforts of life?

When his inspiration did not fail he reached a level of artistic achievement comparable to that of Shelley, passing from the bondage of earthly ties and roaming spirit-like among the elements, now dancing at King Oberon's tiny court, now playing with the strange, romantic children of the deep. Doubtless he was enabled to see these visions of air and water by his highly developed pictorial sense. Certainly he was quick to create the correct atmosphere and background for any vocal passage that he wrote. The words "Happy and blest are they who have endured" brought to his musical eye a picture of Elysian peace—a countryside fresh with the return of spring, the air warm but not enervating, and in the distance the soothing sound of gently-running water. In his perception of the pictorial element in music he has affinity with Bach, but whereas Bach sees the physical picture, Mendelssohn, whenever possible, overleaps the physical and reaches the spiritual. By so doing he avoids the possibility, which Bach in his haste did not always do, of painting the wrong picture. Let us imagine how Bach might have composed the verse "For He shall give His angels charge over Thee . . . lest Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Is it not likely that he

would have kindled his imagination by the clause "dash Thy foot against a stone," suggesting the physical discomfort by a sudden rhythmic wrench in the midst of a smooth melodic line? Mendelssohn makes no such mistake, and the music he has fitted to these words makes us feel as though we were walking with a springy tread over the finest downland turf, soft as silk and fragrant with the breath of mint and thyme. The music, too, is clear and bright, like perfect glass, so that if our ears had eyes we might, with William Blake, see through its transparent harmonies the silent motion of the seraphim.

Sometimes he does not seem rightly to understand the character and possibilities of his melodies. Like a novelist or a dramatist, a composer must understand the real character of his principal themes and develop them according to their natures. Uriah Heep may be allowed to do many things which are the natural outcome of his character, but he must never be made to act with the boldness and dignity of a Napoleon, for then the whole conception is immediately destroyed. So, too, melodies may be made to do many things and undergo many metamorphoses during their development, but they must never belie their essential character. Mendelssohn, however, except in his supreme moments, has little insight into the real character of his melodies and made them suffer outrageous indignities. In his hands his melodies are just so many good wax-figures whom he drapes in gay or sombre clothes as fancy dictates, without much sympathy with their own individualities. In Beethoven's works, though the themes are put to strange and unexpected uses, and appear in novel garb, we never feel that they are being dressed in clothes which do not suit their age, dignity, or complexions (unless we hold up our hands in horror at the Choral Fugue from the Ninth Symphony).

In Mendelssohn's works, with few exceptions, we find these three disfigurements—insipid harmony, lack of sustained invention and an absence of sympathy with his themes' individualities. And though many of his works are doubtless guilty of one or more of these offences, yet their redeeming virtues plead for and secure their justification. If we require a witness to the truth of this, let us subpoena the Violin Concerto. The opening phrase is a heaven-sent inspiration, but what other composer among the immortals would have been content with the succeeding phrases, which do nothing but mark time until the recurrence of the initial phrase is due? Incidentally, what a timid bass dances attendance upon this opening tune. The second subject in G major is a splendid example of the lush harmony so beloved by Mendelssohn. The development shows him entirely out of sympathy with his principal subject. Many themes maintain

their inward character in the major and the minor mode; for instance, the second subject of Beethoven's Violin Concerto (first movement), the sleep motive from Wagner's *Ring*, or the subject of Bach's D major organ fugue. On the other hand, it is impossible to think of some themes discarding their suits of solemn black for silken robes of Tyrian purple. The spirit sickens at the thought of the great G minor organ fugue of Bach ever so demeaning itself as to appear in the major, or the *finale* of Brahms' Third Symphony similarly losing its sombre dignity. But Mendelssohn with the utmost complacency seizes his first subject, enjoying its sweet melancholy in retirement, and shouts, "Come on, old girl, let us be jolly," and so the poor creature is made to play an unsympathetic rôle to make a Violin Concerto's development. The second movement is spoiled by the same lush harmonisation, but the Rondo rises to the seventh heaven of child-like, elfish happiness, and under its sunny influence the shortcomings of the rest are forgotten.

Truly, there never was a composer of such Jekyll-and-Hyde mentality as Mendelssohn. If Meyerbeer had been a composer he would have been a more than dangerous rival. All through his life Mendelssohn's Jekyll-and-Hyde personality continued producing works good and bad. Dr. Jekyll at the age of seventeen wrote the undying *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Mr. Hyde at the same age wrote the still-born *Wedding of Camacho*. Dr. Jekyll went to Scotland and returned with sketches for the *Hebrides*; Mr. Hyde visited the Trossachs and brought back sketches for a Scotch Symphony. Together they collaborated upon the composition of the *Elijah*. Dr. Jekyll undertook to compose the opening fugue; Mr. Hyde promised to concoct the closing fugue. Sometimes Dr. Jekyll edited the work of Mr. Hyde and their styles became confused, but the best stands out unmistakably as the work of Dr. Jekyll. There is no doubt, for instance, that his hand was responsible for the splendidly defiant dissonance of "But the Lord is above them and almighty," which stands out like a gigantic rock unmoved amid a thunderous sea. Perhaps once again the remembrance of the Hebrides quickened his artistic spirit. Both the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Mendelssohn had a fine sense of the dramatic and gave the *Elijah* qualities which should make it finer as an opera than as an oratorio. Sometimes the dramatic realism is so lifelike that it is entirely untheatrical, and for this reason it is usual for highly-dramatic critics to smile contempt upon the square-cut formality of the Priests of Baal. But Mendelssohn probably realised that it is exactly in that way that mankind treats religion in public life. If a crisis overtakes a nation, it may be through the threat of war or the

advent of a prophet, the populace fall upon their knees while formal priest-made prayers or hymns are chanted in rigid rhythmic patterns, and it is not until the populace are maddened by despair and suffering that prayer becomes a personal and frantic appeal to a silent or somnolent god. And it is just this that Mendelssohn gives us in that scene upon Mount Carmel, which ends with the victory of the hero and the sound of the abundance of rain.

There is such a vast amount of good work in the *Elijah* that it must stand for ever among the great works of the world, though among Mendelssohn's compositions it does not rank with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* or the *Hebrides*. In this last-named work Mendelssohn defies his own weaknesses, and with them his critics. If it were not for the *Hebrides*, we could say that Mendelssohn was a melodist but with scant powers of development; that with Bach, Beethoven or Brahms the interest lies in what he does with it rather than in the actual it. But the *Hebrides* confounds us; the matter is slight, just a drop of water, but the result is the ocean itself. No other sea-inspired work sounds as wet as does the *Hebrides*. Just as the noise of *Typhoon* of Joseph Conrad gives us a headache, so the *Hebrides* almost brings the taste of salt to our lips. How different is Wagner's treatment of the sea. In the *Flying Dutchman* there is a fine splash of water, but it is only the background for a human drama. To Wagner the sea was a hateful foe, to Mendelssohn the sea was a constant friend whose companionship was always profitable and inspiring.

The composition of the *Hebrides* is remarkable; it is Wordsworthian, being emotion remembered in tranquillity. Certainly Mendelssohn, who was a bad sailor, could have found little actual inspiration in his visit to Fingal's Cave, yet he has reproduced for us a faithful transcription of his impressions of that voyage. The first bar takes us into the midst of the sea, not the silver sea of happy holidays, nor yet the sea, dark, wasteful, wild, which for ever lashed the bulwarks of the *Flying Dutchman*, doomed to eternal indestructibility, but just a sea tossing and heaving beneath a leaden sky. The second theme has in its curves the visible suggestion of seagulls wheeling over the face of the water and it has, in addition to its pictorial truthfulness, a feeling of loneliness, melancholy and even home-sickness, moods which seem intensified by the sight of hungry waters all around us. Never once did his inspiration fail nor did his fatal facility ever mar his inspiration. From the opening phrase, through the development with its awful suggestion of immensity, to the eddying swirling coda, all is perfect.

No wonder that his generation deified him and denied to posterity

that he had even the most pardonable human frailties, for such works as the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Hebrides* induced such a belief. We, of this generation, must see him as he really was, a man not immune from temptations, but a man such as you and I can scarcely hope to be; and, listening to his music, we must ask ourselves whether perhaps even his products of facility have not something in them more durable and lovely than our own most astonishing strokes of genius.

ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH.

THE MINOR CHORD

"WHAT! At this time of day?"—you ask. "I thought we had done with the minor chord as a separate entity when Wagner showed us that every chord of the minor scale could be used in the major, and *vice versa*?"

No. The minor chord is just as alive and just as minor as ever, though, as befits a "first principle," it exercises its power mostly beneath the surface, and is most seen to exercise it in opposition.

There was a time when the minor third was neither born nor thought of. The tunes of any primitive tribe (except the dwellers on the Niger, the Yang-tse-Kiang, the upper reaches of the Severn and a few other places) seem as a rule to strike travellers as "so sad," by which they mean, containing minor intervals where they expect major. The tunes are sad to the European but not to the native ear, for which melody is carried on other pivots. The "melodic" ear arrived at what we take for the minor third by a special route of its own.

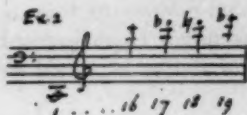
There is a little figure



which is extremely common in folk-song of all time and many lands, and which held its own all through ecclesiastical polyphony. Mr. Dent has wittily christened it "the knight's move." It occurs also fairly often, in our own folk-song for instance, with the G sharpened; but, whether sharp or natural, it is clear that the G is felt only as a passing note and that the real interval aimed at is A—E, to which the voice applies a portamento with the crotchet. And so the minor third, G—E, is formed in the only way in which an ear that thinks in fourths and tones can at all reach it. If the fourth and the tone are true, then this minor third is too small (and is roughly reproduced by the Equal Temperament third). Since the folk-singer regards the interval as "passing," whereas we take it as "substantive," his

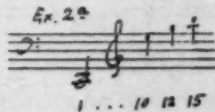
songs are minor to us, but to him, in this particular, neutral, and he gets his "minor" *ethos* in some other way.

With instruments came the sense of the major third, which is audible as a harmonic on a string but not in the voice. That gave the theorists something to go upon. For they soon saw that the major third was one of the series of upper partials, and they looked to see if they couldn't find the minor third there too. Only one of them ever said it was there (in the 19th harmonic)



and he afterwards recanted when it was pointed out that this harmonic could be heard only with a resonator, and that you could not go about the world of music—like a telephone-monger in the world of business—with a resonator strapped to your ear, and that, moreover, what he had arrived at was (practically) the Equal Temperament third, not the true third (95/80, not 96/80).

The minor chord does exist in that series, of course, in its entirety,

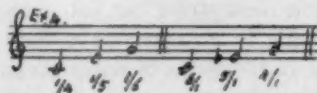


but these harmonics are practically as inaudible at the 19th, though they form, among themselves, a true chord.

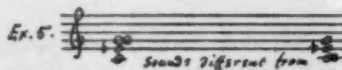
Theorists, Euler for instance, were early struck with the fact that the major and minor chords are produced by string-lengths which are the mathematical reciprocals of one another—



—or, reducing them within the octave and putting them on the same tonic—



What these figures say is merely that the intervals of the major chord counted upwards from C are the same, in size and order, as those of the minor counted downwards from G. The fallacy is, that the *musical* effect of the minor chord counted upwards from C and downwards from G (or of the major chord similarly treated) is not the same; that is to say



Also, the formula explains too much. If it were true musically, the following chords (minims) and their upside-downs (crotchets) would be "the same,"



whereas everyone knows that in actual practice they would have quite different contexts. And so it is really with the major and minor triads.

But mathematics is not acoustics, still less is it music. Accordingly Rameau, who like Aristoxenus always puts music first and acoustics second, but who, unlike him, does not despise mathematics, tries, in his *Génération Harmonique*, 1737, ch. 2, to explain the mathematical formula as follows:—



He takes a middle C and builds a major chord above it with "quicker" vibrations and a minor chord below it with "slower" vibrations. He says of these:—

We only hear the action of the slower on the quicker [i.e., of 1 upon $1/3$ and $1/5$], because the vibration of the whole string will set in motion the aliquot parts; whereas, the reverse is not the case—we do not hear the action of the quicker upon the slower. The former we hear without any "artifice" [by which he means the mathematical formula as opposed to the sensory data] and it is therefore "more natural" and "perfect." But *since the artifice is known to us* [my italics] and since it depends on us to associate with the sounding body those bodies upon which the moved particles of this body must take effect, *the resulting harmony will not, for all its unnatural and imperfect nature, cease to be harmony for us, since it exists in the air.*

This is lamentable hedging. What it says is, in effect: We hear the quicker vibrations [the major chord] and we have a mathematical formula for the slower [the minor chord], and so, although we can't actually hear the slower produce the fundamental note [the G above], yet we can imagine that we do*; and that the minor chord, therefore, has a causal connection with the major. But an argument which is half acoustics and half mathematics does not amount to either acoustical or mathematical proof, still less to musical proof. So we must look further.

Von Ottingen seems to try to bolster up Rameau's view by extending the "slower" and "quicker" (which he calls "phonic" and "tonic") beyond the triad; but the musical success is not great, and the quasi-scientific categories of "positive" and "negative" (for major and minor) do not materially help matters.

Hauptmann fits Rameau's view with the halo of the Hegelian trinity. He thinks, somehow, that the doctrine will be more convincing if he can show that it is what philosophy would have led us to expect. But music escapes from the clutches of philosophy quite as easily as from the clutches of acoustics and mathematics. It remains itself; and, unless we can find a derivation for the minor chord from physics *in terms of music*, we may as well give up the physical basis altogether—as Gottfried Weber somewhat despairingly, but humorously, does.

There is one point of importance that emerges from the books of these theorists. They all three thought that the fundamental position

* It must be admitted that some violinists, those, namely, who ask for the D minor chord to tune by, imagine it too. Whether this really helps them to define the A, or gives more body to the sound and enables them to hear it better, or is pure fancy, I don't know. If more body is what is wanted one would have thought they would ask for the A below, which is usually in tune, whereas the D and F cannot be.

of the minor chord was what we call its "six-three"; and in that they are possibly right, since, historically.



came in, without doubt, as a suspension of, and eventually a substitute for,

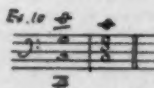


On the other hand, they placed the connexion between the two triads in the root of the major and the fifth of the minor, a conclusion to which neither acoustics nor music lend any support.

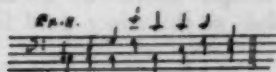
The object of this article is to put the thing on an altogether different footing. Why is it at all necessary to derive the minor chord from the fundamental? A minor chord is simply a sound, like any other. To put it in one sentence—"I spex it grow'd."

Music, we said, was a matter of choice, which mathematics and acoustics certainly are not. This "choice" is an important matter; it begins in a whim but it ends in a habit. When enough people have the same whim, we call it "psychology," and, as such, choice is worthy of a place in this article, which is nothing if not scientific. People chose. They chose the major chord after centuries of experiment and rejection of the unfitter. The major chord became for them the bullion on the strength of which undepreciated notes were issued. One of the first of these notes was the minor chord.

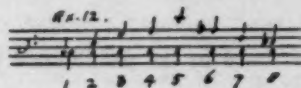
If we write the major chord in its most extended and most contracted positions, imagining, of course, others in between, we get these:—



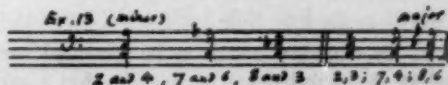
From these we may extract eight intervals.



Writing these on the same tonic (for comparison) we get



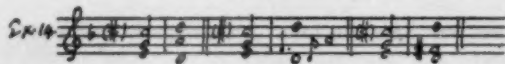
By putting two of these together (as sooner or later it was bound to do) the musical ear obtained the three forms of the minor chord.



Exactly the same intervals, but differently associated, compose them as compose the major chord. In each "position" of the minor chord it is possible by the alteration of any one of its notes to get back one of the positions of the major chord (there are nine cases of this). Alteration of a note, the substitution of a neighbouring note, the stereotyping of passing notes into "substantive" notes, these constitute the actual process by which a composer invents new harmonies; and if we admit that the major chord is the most fundamental thing in music we cannot deny that the minor chord is musically derived from it alone. In all derivation of one chord from another we pass through three stages—we rebel, acquiesce, welcome—in other words the new chord is for us dissonant, neutral, consonant. We will now watch the minor chord going through these stages in history.

The place where we best know what to make of a chord is at the cadence. There the composer is no longer making pleasant exploration. He is summing up, clinching; his chords are no longer passing but substantive. He chooses them deliberately so as to

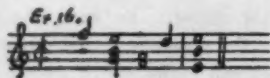
provide rest (consonance) in the ultimate chord and cogent motion (dissonance) in the penultimate. In the music of the thirteenth century we find two things. First, that the minor chord cannot be ultimate. It is avoided, or the minor third is altered to the fifth, or to the major third—



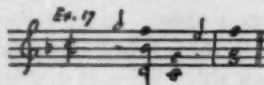
Secondly, the minor chord in the penultimate place is treated as a dissonance and resolved



When, later on, its euphony began to be accepted, another discord was introduced at the penultimate to provide that compelling motion which the minor chord could no longer give—



and yet another, later—



Before we leave this question of derivation, we ought to ask ourselves whether there is any source other than the major chord (involving Nos. 2, 3 and 5 of the harmonic series) from which chords can be derived. (We are concerned only with prime numbers; all

others are duplicates.) The harmonies concerned, though few can hear them all, are :—

(No. 1 being C).

No. 7— $1/7$ tone flat on B \flat (fifth below F).

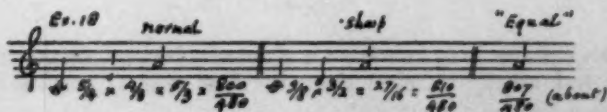
No. 11— $1/4$ tone sharp on F.

No. 13— $1/7$ tone sharp on A \flat (major third below C).

No. 17—Half-way between C \sharp (major third above A) and D \flat (major third below F).

Their inaudibility matters just because it is not common to all hearers, so that any harmony based on these harmonics would not be equally convincing to everybody. Their falsity—i.e., their discrepancy with the harmony based on Nos. 2, 3, 5—looks slight; but it must be remembered that in any system of harmony which is at all elaborate these errors are cumulative, and would soon magnify themselves into errors of half or whole tones.

Still, there are some composers who have claimed that these high harmonics are audible to them, and that their harmonies are derived from them. It may be so; to prove or disprove it would require elaborate instruments, technical skill and expenditure of time. But if it is so, it seems curious that they should have been content to write their music for instrumental players who undergo no special training for the production of sounds which are the very negation of their life-long practice. Again, there are those who claim that by mechanical or other means they can get these new sounds in accurate pitch. But these sounds *ex hypothesi* exclude "temperament," or adjustment of pitch; and without temperament it is impossible to use a note in two senses. Thus the A of "Equal" temperament can stand for either the "normal" A (obtained through E) or the "sharp" A (obtained through D).



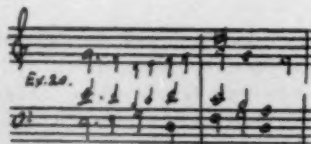
Without this power of using a note in two senses, modulation is impossible; and without modulation harmony must remain quite elementary. The objections to the use of these higher harmonics, therefore, are decisive; they are practically impossible to reproduce, and if reproduced they would necessitate quite elementary harmony.

People who are silenced (but not necessarily convinced) by such arguments as these still take refuge in the statement (one can hardly say the reflection) that it is possible to divide the semitone equally into two parts, to which they add a prophecy of a music of the future which shall have at its disposal 22 pitches in the octave. It is clear that they do not understand the nature of a musical interval. A musical (not mathematical) interval is not like the distance between first and second prizemen, which can be assigned in marks and the mean (or anything else) struck between them. It is like the distance between two mountain summits, which can be traversed only by going down into the valley, and whose middle point is, for the moment, inaccessible. The voice cannot pass from C \sharp to D without a tacit, if instantaneous, reference to A (nor from C to C \sharp without a similar reference to A and E). If it were desired to reach a note, x , between C \sharp and D there would have to be a similar reference to a note common to C \sharp and x or to x and D. We can certainly guess at x , if we please; but the chances of all the guesses in an orchestral *tutti* being the same would be slight, and even a good quartet would, if it played on this plan, be speedily reduced to the level of the gentleman at the bottom of Regent Street who used to perform on a monochord with gramophone attachment. However, it is not much use arguing. In some quarters the belief in a music based on 17 or 53 or 303 "quartertones"—any number will do that avoids the fallacy of the round number—will not succumb to argument.

Having settled, then, that nothing precedes the minor chord but the major, we must still ask what follows it. The sevenths are, as Hauptmann showed, fusions of two triads, but also, as he omitted to show, of a major and minor triad in each case. The typical case is the fusion of

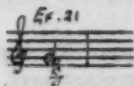


and this example from Palestrina is of interest because the new chord, which had usually travelled along the high road of suspension, is here seen making a short cut* :—



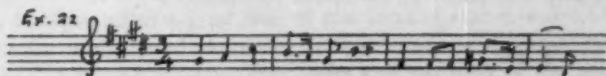
* All that has happened really is that the C of the tenor arrives a crotchet too soon.

The seventh which delayed its appearance was the "dominant"



and the delay was due to the polyphonists' dread of the diminished triad, which they habitually altered to a major triad, when the root was in the bass. The English madrigalists were pioneers in breaking this rule, and, if as a nation we took art seriously enough to have a revolution over it of anything like the magnitude of the *Nuove Musiche*, it would not be surprising if England instead of Italy had had the honour of inventing the dominant seventh. We need not now consider further developments of dissonance. It is enough to have recorded the fact that the "secondary" sevenths are all fusions of major and minor chords, and are, as we shall see presently, not an isolated case. We turn now to the minor in melody.

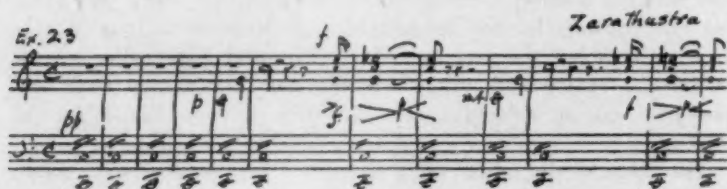
The *ethos* of the minor, its "sadness" in a general way, comes first as a melodic moment. After the pentatonic stage is past, unharmonised melody is fond of the alternation of major and minor in the thirds and sixths, but especially the sevenths. Arab music is conspicuous for this plaintive effect; but as it is difficult to feel the force of it until one has heard the tunes actually sung, it is better to quote instances which appeal to us. For the pathetic use of the minor third there is hardly a better example than Brahms's



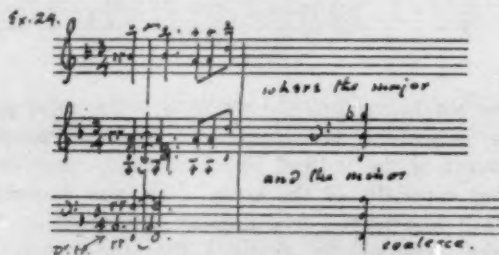
(that he has not harmonised the G \sharp as a minor third proves that the impulse is melodic, not harmonic). A good example of the pathetic seventh is the "Dead March in Saul," and of all three intervals, but especially of the sixth, "He was despised." This last example is instructive. The flats are introduced (in bars 4-7) in their logical order—D flat, G flat, C flat; and though this brings us definitely into the tonic minor, we have slipped in so gradually that it is impossible to say at what point we left the major. Again melody has done it, not harmony. A great deal of the music of that

period lives in the halfway house between major and minor—they were always writing in what are technically called the mixolydian and dorian modes (major with flat seventh and minor with sharp sixth).

The Handelian aria stereotyped the opposition of major and minor "by sections," as the drill-sergeant says. But it is obvious that the opposition is exhausted at the moment of the change, and that as soon as we are comfortably settled in the one or the other, life becomes normal again. Feeling this, Schubert made a practice of getting the contrast oftener; everyone can think of instances—the slow movement of the C major Symphony, songs like "Rosamunde," "Lachen und Weinen," "Die Götter Griechenlands," and so on. Strauss felt the same.



But it is possible to get the opposition closer than this. Harmony progresses nearly always by forcing two melodic moments into one, and that was the way the minor chord made its career. It began with Palestrina, as we saw. His chord (the "added sixth") gained status when Beethoven in 1804 began his Op. 31, No. 3, and Paderewski, about 1890, ended his Op. 10, No. 1, with it. A more violent step was taken in the Ninth Symphony:—



The two chords are, we notice, in different "positions"—"six-four" and "six-three." The step that has been taken recently is

to have them in the same position and on the same bass. Ravel writes them, in the sonata for violin and violoncello, so that they alternate and almost synchronise—



and Stravinsky actually synchronises them—



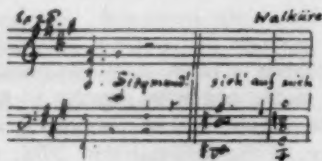
Nature knows nothing of music or of language. She provides us with tongue, lips, teeth, and with muscles to move them, and by means of these, after a good deal of mis-hearing and mis-articulating and from a selection of the material they offer, we hammer out for ourselves intelligible speech; and since her provision is the same to the whole human race, the vowels and consonants, with some minor differences due to convention, are the same all over the world. Similarly she provides us with voices (vocal cords, diaphragm and muscular control) which are smooth or raucous, thin or sonorous, and we find after infinite comparison and ages of selection that the obviously beautiful voices obey certain simple laws. But these laws again are subject to convention. All peoples do not choose the same *timbre*. The Kalmuck cultivates a whining tone, the Hindu a nasal, the Russian a sonorous, the Italian a liquid tone. The present rage for consecutive fifths is another instance. Apart from what unholy joy there may be in them, as of boys hurling their Latin grammars

into a corner on the announcement of a "given" half-holiday, there is a deliberate choice of *timbre* in the emphasising of one chosen upper partial. Ravel's diminished octaves (in the same sonata) is another instance :—

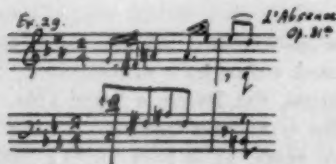


The line between *timbre* and harmony is difficult to draw, and that difficulty is reflected in, though it does not always justify, the present-day use of "sonority" for "chord."

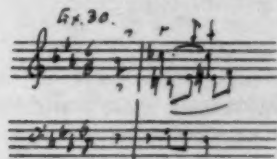
The attempt to relate specific chords to the natural harmonics has the same sort of value as those books which show the descent of 25,000 or some other number of living people from Edward III. by dint of drawing our attention away from all the butchers and bakers who sadly diluted the royal blood. A man is himself, not his ancestors; and a friend or an enemy has much more to do with the making of him than any consanguinity. Thus we may give what ingenious theoretical account we please of the locution,



but we know very well that Wagner came upon it from a hint of his friend, Beethoven,



just as the opening bars of the Prelude to *Tristan* owe something to a remark of a man who was the very antipodes of all that Wagner stood for (Mozart, quartet in E flat, *Köch. Verz.* 428):—



Progress in harmony, and in melody for that matter, consists always in making pithier statements of what has become commonplace, as Browning condenses:—

The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be,

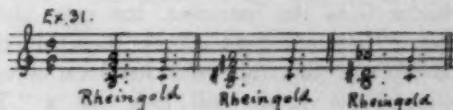
into

Holds heaven aught—speak truth—above her?

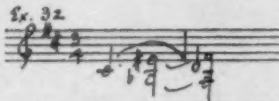
or as Tennyson cannot be unmindful of the *Odyssey* (IV., 566; VI., 48; X., 195) when he is painting his

island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

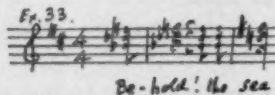
What we value in a harmony is not the "colour" which its harmonic genesis, if we knew it, would make it out to have, but the effect it produces as a modification of something we already know. In this respect harmony is like paint, which is often not what the name on the tube says it is, but what it will appear in the juxtaposition of a picture. Wagner, for instance, accustomed us in succession to



and on the strength of the last, Walford Davies writes, with correct etymology (*Everyman*),



whereas Vaughan Williams spells phonetically (*Sea Symphony*),



But it is something more than a question of spelling. A chord seldom has, if its use is at all piquant, one single or simple explanation. It has, like the poet's line, "many meanings"; and in this particular case the meaning of opposed minor and major is not precluded, and indeed, with the Strauss example ringing in our ears, it slightly predominates.

It is thus seen that harmony has very little to do with acoustics. Without the power to hear the first five harmonics music cannot be made, just as language cannot without the power to pronounce *k*, *p* and *t*. We are well aware that if the Romans had not said *KaPuT* the Anglo-Saxons would not have said *heafod* and we should not now say *head*, and that none of us would be able to say anything at all if we were unable to pronounce (*and to modify*) those letters. But when Shakespeare speaks of "the head and front of my offending," or Tennyson writes "Not peace she look'd, the Head," the word passes out of that category. Instead of being a collection of vocables it is now a counter. It has a past and a future, and it draws all its meaning at any moment from its context. We compare one poet with another not—at least, not since the Euphuists—by the words he uses, but by the use he makes of them.

It is the same with music. Poets must often have wondered why musicians have to learn harmony; they are not conscious themselves of any analogous process. It is hardly beyond the truth to say that no composer ever learned from the letterpress of a Harmony treatise; he learns from the examples, but only when they are given *in extenso*. There are signs (Prout, Eaglefield Hull, Kitson, Macpherson, Huré, etc.) that this point has been seized. But the Harmony treatise of the future will look like a "Thematisches

Verzeichnis"; it will recognise only harmonic phrases, not chords; it will talk of schools and epochs, not of roots and harmonics. For a chord, like a word, is not merely itself but also what came before it and what follows it, both in the particular context and in the history of the art.

To sum up:—The minor third begins life as a passing interval, but, with the advent of string instruments, becomes substantive and gets its "sad" effect by being melodically opposed to the major third. The minor chord as a whole cannot satisfactorily be derived from the harmonic series, but its constituent intervals are those of the major chord differently arranged. It started life as a "six-three" and as a dissonance. There is no natural basis besides the major chord for any harmony. The objections to including higher harmonics than No. 5 is that they are difficult to perform and preclude any but elementary harmony. The "sevenths" are cases of union between major and minor chords; the dominant seventh is a belated exception; these chords are on the same bass but in different "positions." The most recent development is a union on the same bass and in the same position. Chords have more than one meaning, as a recent use of the minor chord shows. Music is as far from acoustics as language from philology.

History shows that the minor chord has gradually retreated from being an external element of harmony into being a prime constituent of other harmonies. It is no longer a separate entity. We do not feel that the melodramatic *Tierce de Picardie* restores what the minor chord withheld, nor do we feel that the march in the *Götterdämmerung* has a sadness about it which is not in the consistent major of the march in *Saul*, though we do still feel that the funeral marches of Beethoven and Chopin give, at the exchange of minor for major, a ray of hope. Music becomes ever more internalised. Its chords are, like the words of poetry, just their own attributes and connotations and nothing else. The gulf, therefore, between the *intelligentsia* and the proletariat of music widens more, and, as against the many things that can truly be said in disapproval of mechanical music, we can still say that mechanism does something to bridge that gulf, by bringing us acquainted with the facts that span the distance between the two. When we feel desperate at present-day "cacophony"—as, in the political world, at present-day chace—it is a good thing to dip into history, and watch how things smoothed themselves out, eventually, in the past.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

A FORGOTTEN SALON

It has been given me to throw a little light on the golden age of Russian music, through the medium of a dear old lady who always spoke the truth. Thanks to her I am able to supply some hitherto unpublished particulars with regard to the intimate lives of people like the Rubinstains and Tchaikovsky, with which famous personalities my old friend was for years closely associated, during the long and splendid generation just preceding the war.

I first met Madame Sophie Bogdanoff in 1905 at Petrograd, or St. Petersburg, as I prefer to call it. She was then an old lady who had outlived two husbands and most of their relations as well as her own, with the exception of her son (at that time a distinguished professor of philosophy at St. Petersburg University), of whom I shall have more to say later on.

Born within the sound of Bow Bells, London, in the early forties, her mother was an Italian lady who had been a great singer in her day. Except that her father was an Englishman of good family and a charming, artistic and unbusiness-like gentleman, I know but little about him. Even his name escapes me. He died when Madame was only eleven, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances.

Although only eleven when her widowed mother left England to live with relations at Geneva, Madame Sophie, even at that tender age, had nevertheless succeeded in preserving many amusing recollections. As far back as she could remember, it had been her ambition to become a great singer. She once sang to Disraeli as a child of seven, on which memorable occasion he patted her on the head, calling her "a most amiable and gifted child." Patti was almost famous, Caruso unheard of, with Mazzini the great tenor of the day; and all these people, at some time or other, visited the Geneva establishment during the earlier years of her quiet, but by no means uneventful, existence there.

"Oh, my dear, but you cannot imagine what a very dirty, ill-mannered fellow was that Mazzini," laughed the old lady to me one evening over the *samovar*, or "tea-maker," at her little flat. "He was addicted to a most distressing habit of slopping his food down his coat-front; he rarely washed and flatly refused to make up for any rôle, with the result that he looked more like an obese ghost behind the footlights than anything else. Ah, Mazzini! *Quelle voix, mon Dieu!*

mais quelle voix! But he was so childishly conceited. So many first-class one-sided artists are."

She had once taken him to task on the question of make-up. Her description of his indignation was a joy.

"Mazzini, Mazzini make up indeed!" he cried. "But why should Mazzini make up? Who cares, even though Mazzini resembles a pale pig behind the footlights, once Mazzini is '*il bel canto*' itself? Mazzini sings. That is all."

She met him many years later in Italy, and found him quite unchanged, just the same great and tragic baby she had always known him to be. Even then, he was still able to sing the last duet in *Aida*, lying flat on his back—a feat no tenor has since accomplished with any sort of success. He said he was growing old. The idea of old age always upset him.

"Poor, poor Mazzini," purred Madame: "I, too, am growing old; second childhood, second childhood. *Hélas!* but we are not as old as we used to be. Yes, we may be children again, but we shall never grow up! That is our tragedy."

Among other people to visit the Geneva house was one M. Lapahin, a Russian gentleman, destined to become the father of Madame's son, already referred to. An elderly man, he fell desperately in love with the then vivacious child, and after a brief courtship they were married, largely at the instance of relatives, her mother having died on her sixteenth birthday. The newly-wedded and ill-assorted couple then settled in Moscow, where the husband had business interests. Madame had already begun to study singing during her mother's lifetime, and the much praised and much condemned Italian *maestro* Galvani, of the Moscow Conservatoire, found in her a brilliant and responsive pupil. Her elderly husband raised no objections. Realising the disparity in their ages—he was in his sixties—he even went so far as to encourage her in her art. After four years' study, she made her *débüt* as an opera-singer, singing with such success that Galvani was proud to lend her the use of his name. There followed a few seasons in Italy, where the young singer's beautiful three-octave voice received yet further training, until the mystery of the true *son filé*—that art of modulating a note to a whisper without allowing it 'o lose quality—became one of her most entrancing possessions.

She then returned to Moscow, where she was soon known as a concert-singer. She was never able quite to do herself justice in Grand Opera. She always sang best in a drawing-room *à l'intime*, when she knew that her listeners were all "great and cultured friends, as well as being perfectly musical and sympathetic. And," she would

add, " if they were not always *perfectly* musical, they were still good listeners; which, my dear, is a great and godly art."

The death of her first husband heralded another period of change. After a year's widowhood, she married a M. Bogdanoff who, as a Justice of the Peace, held a considerable position in Moscow, and it was as his wife that she found herself happy and well placed in the golden 'seventies of Russia, those brilliant years in which Russian art received a new impetus with the appearance or maturity of such creative personalities as Tchaikovsky and the Rubinstein in the world of music, and Tolstoi, Dostoeffsky and Apoukhtin, the poet, in the world of letters. The so-called Russian School, too, of art and drama dates from these years. Russian Opera, as opposed to Italian Opera, may also be said to derive from that period, while the genius of Tchaikovsky alone is responsible for the Russian Ballet as we know it to-day.

Madame and her husband kept open house, and the men who were destined to emancipate artistic Russia from the yoke of a rapidly-rising Wagnerian Germany, flocked to her *salon*, among them, the Rubinstein. Though contemporaries of Wagner, so universal did their influence become that, in the opinion of many competent critics, they in a measure excelled him in his own sphere; for even to-day the Russian school of Music is a thing quite distinct from the Wagnerian school, and commands, if anything, a greater respect.

Many students of musical history look upon Anton Rubinstein as one of the greatest of pioneers of the artistic revival which at that time swept over Europe. Owing to the glaring faults in which his compositions abound, the creative value of his work has sometimes been overlooked. His operas, but little known in countries outside Russia, contain all the crude virility of a great idea in its embryonic stage, fraught with a delicate and human sympathy such as Wagner, noisy colossus that he was, could never compel even in what seemed to be the most complex and incoherent of his works, and, as a lord of melody, Rubinstein was in no sense his inferior.

Most people have heard of Anton Rubinstein as a great pianist, not as a great composer. He was not a great composer. He was a significant composer, which, when a creative artist finds himself the centre of a stupendous vortex of change, is far more important. He happened to live at the right time. But all too little has been written or said about his brother Nicholas. Both were fortunate in that they were blessed with parents wise and cultured enough to foster the genius which both brothers displayed very early in life. It was decided to train Anton as a pianist, and Nicholas, his junior, as a composer. From the strictly classical point of view, Nicholas was the more successful, both as a pianist and a composer; but owing to his natural

timidity and super-refinement, he was never able to win the fame enjoyed by his brother. Neither did he covet it. He was at all times delicate and frail, and, unlike his brother, never laid himself open to the keen disappointments of adverse criticism or gigantic failure. Had Nicholas harboured a spark of ambition in his nature, he would, in all probability, have developed into a modernised Chopin. In every way he was Chopin's double. Had he consented to part from his mother, whom he worshipped, and to remain a few years abroad as did his brother Anton, he might well have come down to us as a great romantic classic. But all this is idle speculation. We only know that, possibly with the exception of Pachmann in his prime, no pianist has ever interpreted Chopin's works with that delicately halting, neurotic perfection, which we like to believe was the form of inspired technique, characteristic of the great master himself.

Although the Becker and Schroeder concert-grands of the day were infinitely less perfect than the Bechsteins and Steinways of our time, they were nevertheless mediums of great merit; and there is no doubt that when the Poet of the Piano created some of his more robust works, such as the mighty "Revolutionary" study, he had a much finer instrument in mind than the old Pleyel pianos which had served him and his contemporaries so meagrely. Anton Rubinstein was for ever breaking strings, particularly when playing his own compositions. It is doubtful whether even his harsh virility would have had the effect of seriously damaging a modern concert-grand; but one can never tell. Busoni has broken strings quite recently; and his playing is very similar to that of Anton Rubinstein: full of great, sweeping orchestral effects.

Madame was able to tell me much of the relations existing between the brothers. She finished the Moscow Conservatoire as a pianist, under Nicholas Rubinstein, and, right up to his death, was his most beloved pupil and friend. Nicholas worshipped his brother with a frenzied idolatry. A caress from Anton, and Nicholas was a king; a harsh word, and he died for days together. It is not to be wondered at then that a person so super-sensitive should have been unable to give to the world all that was greatest in him.

On his return from Germany, where Liszt had befriended him and prophesied a great future for him, Anton became the director of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. His retiring brother Nicholas had in the meantime been elected head of the Moscow Conservatoire.

There has always existed a great rivalry between the old and the new capital of Russia. Success in one often meant failure in the other, and nothing gave Nicholas more pain than the unjust criticism to which his leonine brother was subjected, on giving recitals in Moscow. For

this ingrained and traditional antagonism between the two cities affected all spheres of art to such a degree that even a foreign artist, after a triumph at St. Petersburg, would frequently be pronounced impossible at Moscow the following week. Politics were also affected by this display of petty rivalry. Even the Soviet Government has been unable to rid itself of it, so that Russia to-day is the same twin-headed giant she has always been. An artist anxious to create something intrinsically Russian in *genre*, if proverbially inpecunious, had a much better chance of success in Moscow than in St. Petersburg. I think the real reason of the rivalry lay in the fact that Moscow has always been antagonistic to Western influences. St. Petersburg, as a seaport, was always essentially cosmopolitan; moreover, Moscow was a synonym for luxury and wealth. The great merchants of Moscow, in many cases direct descendants of the *boyars* of the Middle Ages, though themselves often obtuse and grossly material, had at least the virtue of appreciating true artistic merit. Many a talented struggling artist attained to fame during his own lifetime, thanks to the timely patronage of these rich sybaritic libertines, to whom even a man like Chaliapin the singer owed his initial success.

Some mention has already been made of the extent to which those interested in music—not so much in the merely beautiful, which demands no effort on the part of sluggish listeners, but more in the development of music as an intellectual food—should be indebted to Anton Rubinstein. He paved the way for the geniuses of the Russian School whose works we may to-day hear with interest, if not with actual enjoyment; for such composers as Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabin, and the most modern Stravinsky.

Rubinstein's immediate and direct gift to the world, however, was Tchaikovsky. As head of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, he automatically became the comparatively young Tchaikovsky's director of studies. Without his encouragement, Tchaikovsky, an all too easily depressed and introspective man of sorrows, would most probably have remained little more than a charming drawing-room exponent of Chopin; he would never have detached himself from the Chopinesque plagiarisms with which his earlier works abound. At the best we might have received a few tragic little songs and melodious *pièces de salon*, which would have given him no place of importance in the Musical Westminster of All Time. Anton Rubinstein was astute enough to gauge exactly the unbalanced mental state of his brilliant but erratic pupil. He realised at the beginning that any form of adverse criticism, however just, might well cause his moody super-sensitive pupil to give up all ideas of music, and to become a mere social nonentity, or even an unenthusiastic government official. He petted, humoured and

encouraged him, praised him when he was undeserving of praise, and in fine did all in his power to develop that genius in him, which only a few other far-seeing spirits were at first able to discern. He saved him from himself by giving him a medium for the expression of all the divine themes which would otherwise possibly have found an outlet in mere æstheticism or mental sensuality. Through hard work alone was Tchaikovsky able to combat the vague desires which have so often either totally marred or relegated to lower ranks men of a genius even greater than his. By teaching him how to express himself, Rubinstein succeeded in bringing him to a state of saintly celibacy whereby posterity gained that of which it might otherwise have received less than a moiety. The cream of Tchaikovsky's work is built up of variations over which Rubinstein laboured far into many nights.

The brothers Rubinstein often gave joint recitals, at Moscow, playing the great concertos of the day on two pianos. They contrasted strangely, both in appearance and in music-making. Anton scorned polish. Nicholas was faultless. Where the latter touched the highest possible pinnacle of perfection, the former represented that stupendous chaotic form of imperfection which amounts to genius. They always sat back to back as they played, and when one had a passage to himself, the other would turn in his seat and watch his brother's hands with intense interest. The brilliant execution of Nicholas in the intricate fretwork passages, wherein he excelled, was often entirely lost to the public, by reason of his herculean brother's orchestral *fortissimos*.

On one memorable occasion, when the brothers were due to appear together, Nicholas, always highly strung, worked himself up to such a state of nervousness that the morning of the concert found him in bed with an abnormally high temperature. He sent at once for Madame Sophie, as he invariably did when sick and overwrought. On entering the room, she found Anton expostulating at his brother's bedside.

"Thank God you have come," was the invalid's greeting, "Anton, here is my understudy. She will play for me. You can trust her absolutely."

"Tell her to play the 'Appassionata,'" growled Anton, without so much as greeting his brother's favourite pupil. And Madame sat down at the Becker grand, and played it.

"I suppose she'll have to do," remarked the bad-tempered brute, as he rose and left the room. So it came about that Madame shared the honours of an evening with the greatest of living pianists. Even he unbent after the performance, so creditably did she acquit herself. Her charm of personality and above all, her courage, had the effect of modifying even his harsh and gruff demeanour. One must bear in mind that a recital was always a very serious matter with Anton

Rubinstein. He would work himself up to such a pitch of frenzy that often he was compelled afterwards to change every stitch of clothing.

I remember once as a boy staying at Peterhoff, in those days a fashionable summer resort. The court often passed the summer there, and the famous Imperial Opera Orchestra played regularly in the Great Concert Hall of the royal gardens. Anton Rubinstein often gave recitals at Peterhoff before large and enthusiastic audiences composed of the effete *élite* of Old Russia. Music, gloriously rendered by the greatest artists of the day, filled the air. When Anton happened to be in one of his perverse, frenzied moods, the people would wander out of the great hall into the park, with its ornamental fountains and miniature lakes, in order to listen to his playing and enjoy it more, mellowed by distance. And the ghostly, monstrous, black swans with crimson beaks, would sail down to the water's edge to listen.

He had been dead some years when I stayed at Peterhoff with friends who occupied his former dwelling, a decorative, fretted wooden country house, painted white. I slept not only in his room, but also in his bed, and remember being vastly impressed by the experience. The old Becker grand on which he had for years tried over his compositions, stood in the corner of the room. The centre was occupied by a great mahogany table at which he used to compose. He always worked at fever-pitch, and was a martyr to insomnia. He played, composed, ate, drank, loved and, lastly, died, like a whirlwind. Tender-hearted, morose, cynical, exceptionally rude, he in later years experienced the horrors of melancholia, often to the point of suicide. During these black periods he suffered from terrible headaches, and became as a creature demented. He was great enough to be the most modest of men, where his playing was concerned. He often maintained that he had missed his vocation, referring to himself in later years as "an old piano- or music-monger."

Many people have accused Anton Rubinstein of callousness. This was not the case. On one occasion an aged aunt of his came to stay with him at Peterhoff, where she died. While she lay dying in one room, he was gambling with a party of friends in another. A nurse entered and announced that the old lady was unconscious, and was expected to die at any moment.

"I thought she would soon become unconscious," remarked Rubinstein, "I kissed her good-bye this morning, while she was yet able to recognise me. Why should I upset myself again by saying good-bye to her in her present state? Nothing I may now do can make me love her less than I have always done." With which remark he began to deal a new hand.

He himself died a few years later. It is said that he never recovered

from the shock of his brother Nicholas's death, which occurred during the winter of 1892. Then came the death of Tchaikovsky, about which event many people, more curious perhaps than malicious, have sought to weave an absurd and far-fetched scandal to the effect that he committed suicide. All we know is that he drank a glass of unboiled water—always a dangerous thing to do when cholera was prevalent, and to drink a glass of unboiled Neva water during such an epidemic might well have seemed a suicidal action. Whether Tchaikovsky did so purposely or inadvertently is perhaps not a matter of great importance. Truthfully, or otherwise, his most intimate friends deny the allegation that he did so intentionally.

"He certainly died of cholera," his doctor once told me, "but none have the right to say that he infected himself: because none can prove it; and if they can they have no right to."

And then he added a curious remark:

"The deaths of the brothers Rubinstein had a vast and disastrous effect on his mentality, and did more to undermine his frail constitution than did the self-imposed torture of marriage. For Tchaikovsky was a platonist, and marriage merely showed him that *il n'y a point d'amitié entre les hommes et les femmes*."

They made a strange and unique trio, bound each to each, and yet preserving their own marked individualities through long years of friendship. There were many others of the period. But none were so remarkable as the three under discussion.

All these wonderful people seem to have died within a few years of each other, comparatively early in life, and by 1900, Madame had lost most of the great friends—poets, painters, authors and musicians—who had gladdened her days for a period covering twenty jewelled years. To Nicholas Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky she had been particularly devoted. These two artists shared a house together in Moscow, from the early 'sixties on, and only the sudden death of Nicholas ended the happy state of comradeship which had always existed between them. They loved Madame because she never coveted either for a lover. Though the chain of their days was wrought of dull platinum, its grey monotony was nevertheless broken by links of pure gold. Such a link was she. The melancholy which permeates well-nigh every bar Tchaikovsky wrote, the unutterable hopelessness of most of his compositions, the light delicacy of which can deceive no real artist, is explained by his eternal inner strivings after some undefined erotic and unattainable ideal. He was too much of a visionary ever to have hoped to satisfy the vague desires which both his soul and his body hungered after to the end of his days. Nothing human could possibly have brought him satisfaction and happiness.

He experimented in marriage, hoping therein to find at least a form of spiritual consummation with the opposite sex. His wife, however, married him under false pretences. After the ceremony she lost control and was tactless enough to kiss him; with the result that he fled incontinently.

The kiss shattered the platonic pedestal upon which he had placed her. They both came tumbling down. She herself broke her part of the contract. So he fled to Moscow, to Madame's. As it happened, Nicholas Rubinstein was there, and the three of them discussed the pathetic episode at length; at least Madame and Nicholas did. Tchaikovsky could do little else than tramp round and round the room, waving his arms despairingly above his head, and from time to time ejaculating: "No, no, no; I cannot, I cannot, I cannot!" Eventually, between them, they talked him round, and persuaded him to return to the derelict lady.

"But consider her feelings," laughed Madame. "All said and done, Peter Ilitch, she is only a human being: and you know," she added, "you are a very attractive child!"

The reunion lasted one unhappy month, after which poor Tchaikovsky nearly lost his reason, and was compelled to go abroad to rid himself of the memory of his "terrible experiment." In his absence Nicholas died. On his return to Russia, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, possibly realising that he had not long to live. The last years of his life were passed in the seclusion of an anchorite.

And then poor Madame herself fell upon comparatively evil days. Again, death stepped in one night and she found herself alone; the second husband left her nothing but his government pension; and as a result of some official hitch (he had apparently died a year too soon), she received but half the amount due.

Already in her sixties, she now forsook Moscow for St. Petersburg, to live with her only son, the distinguished scholar at the University. Like many scholars, he had no conception of the value of money, and Madame Sophie was compelled to give music lessons in order to make both ends meet. She could never forget, however, that she had been a great *salonnière*, and it was with the utmost difficulty that her pupils were able to persuade her to accept her legitimate fees; only to be lavishly entertained by her as a result.

When I learnt to know her intimately, and being then grown up, was better able to appreciate her, we had many interesting talks together on art and letters. This was between the years 1912-14. She had then aged considerably, but still radiated that same glorious and infectious *joie de vivre* which had always endeared her to her friends. She had "friends," "special friends," and "extra special friends."

Once she took a human being to her heart, they could do no wrong in her eyes. She became more and more conservative the older she grew. Things modern appalled and horrified her. Occasionally she would be assailed by a sudden lapse, which had the effect of translating her right out of the present into the dim past. She revelled in Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert, Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, and when playing or singing their music—often for hours together—she would forget there were such things as aeroplanes, electric cars and modern poets.

"Oh, but how I detest modernity and these moderns," she cried one day, on returning me a copy of Wilde's poems which I had lent her. "I remember Mr. Wilde and Mr. Tennyson very well," she went on. "I consider them both terrible. They are modern *poseurs*."

When one considers that both the poets in question had been dead many years, and that they did not in any case belong to the same period, her remark seems peculiarly strange; it had the effect of making one look closely at her, in her early Victorian dress, at her old Becker grand and harmonium, her ponderous unlabeled—but beloved—photographic albums, her curious early nineteenth century furniture, with its faded by once screaming red plush and gaudily-tasselled coverings. Her presence alone had the effect of turning the poky little flat and all it contained into an old-world harmony. It was all a part of her. She was still the great *salonière*. The crazy chairs, the faded velvet-embossed wall-paper, the half-dozen gilded, tarnished, half-broken cages, containing linnets, goldfinches and tame canaries; the smelly oil-lamps (for she abhorred electric light!) which always *would* smoke; and Madame at the tea-table, chatting and laughing gaily with two or three "extra special friends and *protégés*"; yes, the entire *ensemble* presented a never-to-be-forgotten picture. No queen in a sumptuous palace ruled with a more charming and light-hearted grace.

She always kept a bundle of shawls and oddments at hand, to cover the birds up while a song or a duet was in progress. "I love your singing, my dears," she would say, "but it does not blend with the human voice." And then, the lesson over, she would whisk off the cage-covers, move over to the piano, and play a series of trills in the treble, until she had the birds all twittering and singing again.

Her son, the serious, bearded, untidy, frock-coated professor, of whom puny intellects walked in terror and before whom the most versatile and loquacious became silent and felt insignificant, was a great lover of modern music, and played much Scriabin, with whom he was great friends. Professor Lapshin was indeed a colossus. He carried on a correspondence with the most famous philosophers of the day; and the greatest thinkers of the world often sought his opinion.

He was credited with having smashed the Leipsic group. He had been known to take a fleeting trip over to England for the sole purpose of looking up some obscure reference at the British Museum. Madame alone shattered his theories to atoms. She alone dared even to tell him that he knew nothing about philosophy. Where none could ruffle or disconcert him, she was able to drive him frantic with rage and exasperation; for she was his mother and invariably called him "Daisy." The first time I heard her use his pet name I thought she was referring to one of her birds.

"Which one do you call Daisy?" I queried, looking at the row of cages.

She went off into shrieks of merriment.

"John is Daisy," she laughed. "He has been Daisy ever since he was born."

"You are quite wrong about pragmatism, Daisy," said Madame severely. "It is all perfect nonsense." And the exasperated Daisy would begin to justify himself, only to be mercilessly heckled and contradicted by the only one person in the world who had no respect for his erudition. Finally he would get up and leave the room.

"He is angry now," Madame would say. "He knows that he is wrong and that I am right. You see, I taught him philosophy," she added, with a charming smile. "And now he won't listen to me."

Sometimes, to punish her for teasing him, Daisy would play Scriabin. He played like a pianola. Then poor Madame used to shut herself up in her room and cry her heart out. Upon which Daisy would relent and buy her some cakes. For he was really very fond of her—as fond as the most absent-minded and preoccupied creature in the world was capable of being. And then Madame would dry her eyes and sing something out of *Il Barbiero* or *Mignon* until she was again her old happy self.

Then came the war to hasten the old lady's end, and, happily, she died just before the outbreak of the revolution. I was then stationed in the Caucasus, where I received a letter from her a week before the news of her death reached me.

"I shall not see you again for many a long year, my young friend," she wrote, "for you will live long. . . . I am very sick and the doctors are *bête*, stupid. But I am so happy, for I lost my world so many years ago. . . . All through these last modern years I have dreamt in my sleep of forests, fields and flowers. I know I shall go straight to the land of my dreamings and all my old kind friends will be waiting for me. . . . I know the timid Tchaikovsky has lost his hunted look . . ."

And then with characteristic humour she ended :

" You, too, will join us in God's good time and I will present you. . . . I kiss you and bless you. . . ."

So came the revolution, and here in London I often wonder what became of her little flat; of her singing birds in their tarnished cages; and, above all, of her trunks full of beautiful poems and happily rendered translations from her favourite Russian authors. As for Daisy, I can only hope the absence of food has worried him less than most of his unhappy compatriots. This at least, I think, is possible, for he was a very great philosopher.

GEORGE A. SCOTT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BEETHOVEN

By FRANZ GRILLPARZER.

THE first time that I saw Beethoven was in my boyhood—probably in the year 1804 or 1805—at a musical entertainment one evening in the house of my uncle, Joseph Sonnleithner, at that time partner in an art and music business in Vienna. Amongst those present there were, besides Beethoven, Cherubini and the Abbé Vogler. He was at that time very thin, elegantly dressed, and wore spectacles, which I particularly noticed, as later in life he did not use them. If he or Cherubini played on this occasion I can no longer remember, only that as the servant announced supper the Abbé Vogler seated himself at the piano and began to play endless variations on an African theme which he had brought from its native source. During this musical performance the company melted away one by one into the dining-room. Only Beethoven and Cherubini remained. At last the latter also departed and Beethoven stood alone near the indefatigable pianist. Finally he also lost patience, so that the Abbé Vogler, now left quite alone, had to stop caressing his theme in every possible variation. I myself was left behind in dumb astonishment at this strange performance. What happened further after this incident has completely escaped my memory, as is so often the case with childish recollections. Whom Beethoven sat next to at table, whether he talked with Cherubini, whether he later spoke to the Abbé Vogler I know not, it is as if a dark curtain had descended over everything.

A year or two later I lived with my parents during the summer in the village of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna. Our rooms looked towards the garden; Beethoven had rented the room looking on the street. Both apartments were joined by a common passage which led to the staircase. My brother and I did not think much of the wonderful man as he rushed muttering past us. He had become stronger at this time and went about very carelessly and even shabbily dressed. But my mother—a passionate lover of music—was overcome with joy, and when she heard him playing the piano went out into the passage—not, indeed, at his door, but in the middle near our door—and listened with the deepest attention. This might have happened a few times when once suddenly Beethoven's door opened and he stepped

out, caught sight of my mother, hurried back, and then immediately, hat on head, rushed down the stairs and out of doors. From this moment he never touched his piano. To no purpose did my mother assure him (through his servant, as all other opportunity was cut off from her) that not only would no one listen to him any more, but that our door on the passage would remain closed, and that all her household, instead of using the common staircase, should go out by a roundabout way through the garden. Beethoven remained inflexible and left his piano untouched until winter came and we returned to town.

During one of the following summers I often visited my grandmother, who had a country house in the neighbourhood of Döbling. Beethoven also lived in Döbling at that time. Opposite my grandmother's windows stood the tumbledown house of a peasant named Flehberger, notorious for his slovenliness. This Flehberger possessed, besides his ugly house, a daughter Lisa, very pretty indeed, but by report rather frivolous. Beethoven seemed to take a great interest in the girl. I can see him still as he came up the Hirschgasse, a white handkerchief in his right hand trailing along the ground, and then standing at the Flehbergers' yard gate, inside which the frivolous fair one on a hay cart giggled whilst she manœuvred with a pitchfork. I never saw Beethoven speak to her, but he used to stand there silently and look in until at last the girl, whose taste inclined more to peasant boys, drove him into a rage either by a teasing remark or by obstinately ignoring his presence. Then he would rush away suddenly with a quick right-about-face, but yet the next time would stand at the yard gate again. His interest even went so far that when the girl's father was put into jail on account of a vulgar brawl, Beethoven personally applied for his release before the assembled parish. On this occasion, however, he treated the worthy magistrates so roughly, according to his usual fashion, that he barely escaped from being obliged to keep unwilling company with his imprisoned *protégé*. Later I saw him often in the street, and a few times in the coffee-house, where he conversed a good deal with a poet, one Ludwig Stoll, long since dead and (except in Laval's "Collection of Small Singers") forgotten.

People said they were planning an opera together, but it was incomprehensible how Beethoven could expect anything useful, above all, anything more than fancies—though by chance well versified—from this empty babbler. In the meantime I myself had made my bow to the public. *The Ancestress*, *Sappho* and *Medea* had appeared when suddenly there came an invitation from Moritz Dietrichstein, the head manager of the two town theatres, for me to write a libretto for Beethoven, as the latter had applied to him to know if he could get

me to do it. This invitation put me in no small predicament. On the one hand, I doubted if I wrote a libretto, in itself a difficult enough task, whether Beethoven was in a position to compose an opera. For at this time he had become quite deaf and his last composition, in spite of its great worth, had taken on a character of hardness which contradicted the arrangement of the voices. On the other hand, the thought of perhaps being the instrument by which a great man might produce a work, at any rate highly interesting, weighed down all other considerations and I consented. I chose the fable of Melusina, took out of it as far as possible the elements I had in view, and endeavoured to adapt myself as much as possible to the character of Beethoven's latest tendencies by the predominance of choruses, powerful *finales*, and an almost melodramatic third act. I omitted to confer at first with the composer over the matter because I wished to keep the freedom of my point of view; later on details could be altered and the book given to him to compose or not. Indeed, with regard to this last, I did not put any constraint on him when I sent him the book by the same channel—namely, Count Dietrichstein—through which the invitation had come. I was determined that he should not be influenced or placed in any difficulty by any kind of personal consideration. A few days later Schindler, Beethoven's business manager, the same man who later wrote his biography, came to see me. He invited me to visit his master, who was unwell at the time. I dressed and went at once to Beethoven, who lived at that time in the suburbs. I found him lying in untidy night attire on a tossed bed with a book in his hand. At the head of the bed was a small door which, as I saw later, led into the pantry, which Beethoven looked after himself to a certain extent. For later on, as a servant came out with butter and eggs, he could not prevent himself, even in the middle of eager conversation, from casting a searching glance over the amount which was being carried out. What a pathetic picture of the disorder of his domestic life! As we entered Beethoven rose from the bed, stretched out his hand to me, overflowed in expressions of welcome and began at once to speak of the opera. "Your work lives," he said, pointing to his heart. "In a few days I shall have recovered and then I shall at once begin to compose. Only I don't know how to begin with the hunting chorus, which forms the introduction. Weber used four horns; I should take eight, and where will that lead to?"

Although I saw the necessity of this reasoning as well as he, I explained to him that the hunting chorus could be left out entirely without spoiling the whole work, with which concession he seemed very contented, and neither then nor later did he make any other exception to the text or ask for any other alteration. Then he wished

to insist on making some sort of contract with me. The proceeds of the opera should be equally divided between us and so forth. I accordingly made it clear to him that I had not thought of salary or anything of the kind for my work. He wished that at least there should be an understanding between us, but I would make no contract with him and made it clear that he could do what he liked with the book. After much discussion, and much more writing when Beethoven could not hear, I got off by promising to visit him at Hetzendorf when he should be settled there. I hoped he had given up the business side of his idea. But after a few days my publisher, Wallishauser, came to me and said that Beethoven insisted on a contract being drawn up. If I could not make up my mind to this I should make over my rights in the book to Wallishauser. He could then conclude the matter with Beethoven, who was quite agreeable to this. I was glad to leave the thing thus: let Wallishauser pay me a moderate sum, gave over to him all author's rights and thought no more about it. If he really made a contract I do not know; but I think he must have done so, otherwise Wallishauser would not fail to din into my head, after his custom, the money which he had risked.

I only call attention to all this in order to disprove what Beethoven is supposed to have said to Herr Rellstab, viz.: "He wanted everything different from what I wanted." He was at that time so set on composing the opera that he had already thought out the details of production which could only be entered into when it was completely finished. In the course of the summer, with Herr Schindler, I visited Beethoven, according to his invitation, at Hetzendorf. I do not know whether Schindler told me on the way or whether someone had said it before that Beethoven had been prevented by the pressure of work previously undertaken from starting the composition of the opera. On that account I avoided talking about it. We went for a walk and entertained ourselves as well as it is possible to do under such circumstances, half speaking, half writing, whilst going along. It touches me still as I remember how Beethoven, as we sat at table, went into the next room and brought out five bottles of wine. One he set before Schindler's plate, one before his own, and three he stood in a row before me, apparently to make clear to me in his simple, good-natured way that I should be master of the feast. As I went back to town—without Schindler, who remained in Hetzendorf—Beethoven insisted on accompanying me. He sat down with me in the open carriage and insisted on driving with me beyond the immediate neighbourhood and as far as the gates of the town, where he got out and, after a hearty handshake, set out alone on the long journey home. As he got out of the carriage I saw a paper lying on the seat. I thought he

had forgotten it and beckoned to him to come back. He only shook his head and with a loud laugh, as if at a capital trick, he ran away still more quickly in the opposite direction. I unrolled the paper and found that it contained the exact sum that I had fixed on with my driver. His mode of life had so estranged him from all the customs and usages of the world that it never occurred to him what an offence such a proceeding would have been under different circumstances. I, however, took his action as it was meant and laughingly paid the coachman with the money thus presented.

I saw him again, I cannot recollect where, only once more. He said to me then, "Your opera is ready," but whether he meant ready in his head, or whether his countless notebooks in which he took care to jot down many thoughts and figures, only intelligible to himself, for future working out, also contained in fragments the elements of that opera I cannot say. Certain it is that after his death not a single note was forthcoming which could without doubt be referred to that collaborated work. I remained, however, true to my resolution, not in the smallest way to remind him of it; but, as the keeping up of a conversation by writing was tedious to me, I did not go near him any more until I walked, torch in hand, in black attire behind his coffin. Two days before Schindler came to me in the evening with the news that Beethoven lay dying and that his friends wanted me to write a speech which the actor Auschutz would deliver at his grave. My shock was all the greater because I had hardly heard anything of his illness. I tried forthwith to arrange my thoughts and the next morning I began to write down the speech. I had got to the second half when Schindler came in again to bring the news that Beethoven was just dead. My heart sank like lead, tears sprang to my eyes, and—as had happened to me before when real emotion overcame me—I could not finish the speech as it had been begun. It was, however, delivered, the mourners departed in affectionate emotion, and Beethoven was no longer among us. I really loved Beethoven. That I can relate only a few of his sayings is due principally to the fact that I am interested not so much in what an artist says as in what he does. If talk were the measure of an artist's worth, Germany would be to-day as full of artists as it is in reality empty. Yes, in the matter of real creative power only that yields fruit which, gifted with talent and likewise held within the bonds of thought, expresses itself instinctively and is itself the source of life and individual truth. The wider the circle the harder it is to fill it. The larger the mass the more difficult it is to inspire it. When Goethe knew only little he wrote the first part of *Faust*, but as he became familiar with the whole kingdom of knowledge he wrote the second. Of the few things that Beethoven said, it

occurs to me only now that he held Schiller in high esteem, that he prized the lot of the poet over and above that of the musician, the former as commanding a wider sphere. I also recollect that Weber's *Euryanthe*, which was then new and displeased me, seemed to please him little. Yet, on the whole, it may have been Weber's success that suggested to him the idea of writing an opera himself. He had accustomed himself to such an unfettered flight of fancy that no libretto in the world could keep his outpourings within given limits. He sought and sought and found none, because for him there was none. Otherwise, he must have been attracted by at least one idea from the copious stuff that Herr Bellstab provided. My libretto, of which I could no longer claim to be the owner, came later into the hands of Konradin Kreutzer through the publisher Wallishäuser. I will end with a few verses I wrote a short while ago and for which I know no better place:—

Es geht ein Mann mit raschem Schritt—
 Nun freilich geht sein Schatten mit—
 Er geht durch Dickicht, Feld und Korn,
 Und all sein Streben ist nach vorn.
 Ein Strom will hemmen seinen Muth,
 Er stürzt hinein und theilt die Fluth.
 Am andern Ufer steigt er auf,
 Setzt fort den unbezwungenen Lauf.
 Nun an der Klippe angelangt
 Holt weit er aus, dass jedem bangt—
 Ein Sprung—und sieh da, unverletzt
 Hat er den Abgrund übersetzt.
 Was andern schwer ist ihm ein Spiel,
 Als Sieger steht er schon am Ziel;
 Nur hat er keinen Weg gebahnt.
 Der Mann mich an Beethoven mahnt.*

Speech at Beethoven's grave, March 29, 1827:—

"As we stand here at the grave of him who has departed, we are, as it were, the representatives of a whole nation, of the assembled German people, mourning over the loss of half the vanishing splendour of our

* With swift strides a man goes where none but his own shadow dare go with him, on through brake and cornfield and upland, not to be denied. A stream would fain check him, but he plunges in, clammers up the further bank and continues on his way without hindrance. Coming to a precipice, while all hold their breath, he takes a run, leaps, and lo! he stands safe and sound with the ravine behind him. What others find severe he makes a sport of, they are still toiling when he has reached the goal; and where he goes they cannot follow. He makes me think of Beethoven.

native art—the intellectual flower of the Fatherland. Still lives, indeed, and may he live long, the heroic master of German song; but the great master of music, the splendid mouthpiece of the art of sound, he who inherited and developed the immortal fame of Handel, Bach and Haydn, has run his course and we stand here in bitter grief by the snapped strings of the vanished player. The vanished player! Let me so call him. For an artist he was, and what he was he was only through art. The thorns of life had wounded him deeply and, as the shipwrecked clasp the shore, so he rushed into your arms, oh you who come from on high, Art, equally beautiful sister of Goodness and Truth, and comforter of sorrows. Fast he held to you and, even as the door was shut through which you used to pass into him and speak to him, as he became insensible to your voice in his deaf ear, still he carried your picture in his heart, and as he died lay on your breast. An artist he was and who stands near him? As the Behemoth rages through the seas, so he bursts the bounds of his art. From the cooing of the dove to the rolling of the thunder, from the subtle interweaving of capricious themes to the fearful point where creation overflows into the unbounded might of the struggling forces of nature—everything he had passed through, everything experienced. He who comes after him cannot continue, he will have to begin again, for his predecessor ended only where art ends. Adelaide and Leonora, the celebration of the hero of Vittoria, and the subdued song of the Sacrifice of the Mass, those children of three and four-part voices, impetuous symphonies, joy, beautiful glimpses of God, the swan song! Muses of song and of the sounding strings stand ye round about his grave and strew it with laurels! An artist he was, but also a man—a man in every and the highest sense. Because he shut himself away from the world they called him malignant and, because too sensitive he stood aside from the common throng, unfeeling. Ah! he who knows himself hard does not fly away! The finest point is that which most easily becomes blunt and bends or breaks. Excess of feeling is not want of it. He fled the world because in the whole realm of his loving kindness he could find no weapon with which to withstand it. He withdrew himself from men when he had given everything to them and received nothing in return. He lived alone because he had found no second self. But to the end he kept a heart humane to all men, fatherly to his own people, a heart overflowing with goodness and spirit to the whole world. So he was, so he died, and so will he live for all time. But you who have taken part in our sad procession here, control your grief. You have not lost him, you have won him. No living man can pass into the halls of immortality. The body must vanish, then only the doors open. He whom you mourn stands now

among the great ones of all time inviolable for ever. Therefore, return home sad but certain of his happiness. And if ever during life, like the approaching storm, the might of his creations overcomes you, and if your delight rushes in and mingles with that of an unborn generation, remember then this hour, and think, we were there as they buried him, and as he died we wept."

Translated by the late MARY KATHERINE HORGAN.

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—FRANS Grillparzer, the great German dramatist and poet, who wrote the "Recollections of Beethoven" and the speeches at his grave here translated, was born at Vienna on January 15, 1791. His first play, *The Ancestress*, was published in 1816, and became so popular that he was encouraged to write a second tragedy, *Sappho* (1819), the most artistic of his creations. His next and more ambitious work in the classic style was *The Golden Fleece*, a trilogy, published in 1822. Other plays followed, but owing to the bad reception of his comedy, *Woe to Him who Lies*, by the Viennese public in 1840, Grillparzer produced no further plays. He wrote also several prose tales and some poetry. "The Recollections of Beethoven" is a good example of his prose style—distinct, penetrating and suggestive. In 1850 a revival of interest in his work took place and he became the most popular dramatic author of the day, being ranked with Goethe and Schiller and lauded as the national poet of Austria, and when he died on January 21, 1872, he was buried with public ceremony and honour. The municipality of Vienna, in whose archives his papers were deposited, began in 1906 to publish a standard edition of his works. Ten volumes have been published, but economic conditions in Austria have unfortunately hindered the completion of the enterprise.)

VERDI'S LETTERS TO LÉON ESCUDIER

(From the Manuscripts preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Opéra
at Paris.)

THE Bibliothèque de l'Opéra at Paris possesses some important unpublished correspondence of Verdi's, the existence of which has been pointed out to us, with his usual kindness, by the librarian, M. Antoine Banès. We print below some of the two hundred letters which Verdi wrote between 1847 and 1877 to his Paris publisher, Léon Escudier.

Certainly these letters are not distinguished by any elegance of style: they do but show us the better the whole personality of the man with his blunt frankness, his utter honesty, the peasant simplicity which never left him—and the artist with his likes and dislikes as decided as they were final. Reading these pages one recalls Buffon's saying, "*Le style est l'homme même.*" As regards music, in this correspondence with his publisher Verdi is concerned chiefly with the production of his own works, which in France did not always at first meet with the success they deserved, but he lets fall many allusions to his contemporaries. He does not talk about them at length, but his words convey much and their truth is not to be denied. In a sentence he confesses his admiration for Berlioz or Rossini, his curiosity about Wagner's theories; he dwells a little longer on Meyerbeer, whose methods of advertisement both before and after Meyerbeer's death revolted his own blunt, straightforward character. Auber seems to have enjoyed his entire sympathy, but his pity was moved for Ambroise Thomas because he had accepted a *Hamlet* taken from Shakespeare—in what way is well known—by his librettists Barbier and Carré, the librettists of *Faust*.

He entertained for Shakespeare the greatest literary admiration and he expresses it on all occasions with absolute conviction, notably in his letters concerning his unfortunate *Macbeth* which we publish here. After having borrowed *Macbeth* from Shakespeare and before composing *Othello* and *Falstaff*, Verdi had in mind a *King Lear*, the libretto (or scenario) of which he wrote himself, and this was found among his papers after his death.

At the period when Verdi wrote these letters, the brothers Escudier (Léon and Marie, born at Toulouse in 1806 and 1810) were established as music publishers at 21, rue de Choiseul, not far from the Italian Opera of the Salle Ventadour, of which the eldest became the director from 1872 to 1877. Having come to Paris when they were still young, they threw themselves into journalism and in December, 1837, founded the *France Musicale*, in competition with Schlesinger's *Gazette Musicale*, devoted to the German school. Indeed, from its commencement, the *France* championed the Italian school, and, at the very first, Rossini. The association of the two brothers, who had in time become publishers of music, was broken off in 1860, Marie keeping the ownership of the *France*, which stopped publication in 1870, while Léon continued to manage the music publishing house. He founded a new journal, *L'Art musicale* (December, 1860—1880), and entrusted the management first to Oscar Comettant and then to Paul Scudo, who had up to that time attacked Verdi and Wagner with equal virulence in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The Escudiers had added to their business a kind of lyric and dramatic agency which negotiated both the writing of operas and the engagement of artistes. Doubtless it was in this way that they got into touch with Verdi, and there must have been as much commercial interest as there was artistic conviction in the patronage they never ceased to give him before the Parisian public. The two brothers died within a year of one another, Marie on June 22, 1880, and Léon on April 17, 1881.

After *Nabucco*, performed at the Théâtre des Italiens at Paris on October 16, 1845, the Escudiers had undertaken to get *Ernani* or *Il Proscritto* produced at the same theatre (January 6, 1846), it is said, almost at their own expense. It was not a success. Without being discouraged, the two brothers brought out at the same theatre *I Due Foscari* on December 17 of the same year. There followed at the Opéra, *Jérusalem*, a French version of *I Lombardi* (November 26, 1847), *Luisa Miller* (February 2, 1853) and *I Vespri Siciliani*, the French libretto by Scribe and Duveyrier (December 18, 1855), *Il Trovatore* (January 12, 1857) and *Don Carlos* (March 11, 1867); while the Théâtre des Italiens produced *Traviata* (December 6, 1856) and *Rigoletto* (January 19, 1857), which was repeated in French at the Théâtre Lyrique on December 24, 1863. It was at this theatre, then managed by Carvalho, that *Macbeth*, translated from the Italian by Nuittier and Beaumont, and later *Il Ballo in Maschera* (November 17, 1869) were staged. The first performances of these works are contemporary with Verdi's correspondence with Léon Escudier.

After the war of 1870-1, Escudier having become manager of the Italiens, gave the first performance of *Aida* and revived *La Forza del Destino*, *Il Trovatore* and the *Requiem*. The year of the World Exhibition, 1878, was the last year of his management and of the Salle Ventadour, which was changed later into a branch of the Banque de France.

Verdi's correspondence with his Parisian publisher shows how the master worked. Having received the libretto, he revised and corrected it according to his taste, without regard to the skilful distribution of airs and recitatives arranged by the librettist; for he was first and foremost a man of the theatre, preferring dramatic contrasts even to purely musical effects. In his letters on *Macbeth* and *Don Carlos* may be seen the care he bestowed on the probability of the action and the dramatic effect, as well as on certain details of orchestration and on such and such a piece of acting. On the other hand, he never stops inveighing against the staging of the Paris Opéra, which to his taste does not make up for the fire and enthusiasm aroused by far smaller stages in the Peninsula. Once the score was written or, perhaps, recast for a revival in Italy or for a French translation, Verdi disliked nothing so much as the toil of rehearsals. The rehearsals of *Don Carlos* at the Opéra, which kept him eight months in Paris, left the most painful recollection, and "*la grande boutique*," as he called the Imperial Academy of Music, became even more odious to him than it had been in the past. But once the work was produced, he asked to be told "frankly and straightforwardly" and without reserve what reception the public had given him, for he feared neither the criticisms of some nor the prejudices of others, nor would his honest, sincere, artist's conscience suffer him to be deceived by reports designed merely to please.

J. G. PRODHOMME.

No. 1.

St. Agata, Busseto,

Oct. 22, 1864.

Dear Léon,

In your last you say so many kind things that even if I searched my little store of affabilities for a month I should not be able to equal them. So I won't say anything, and you must use your imagination and understand all I should like, and all I ought, to say to you.

I ran through the *Macbeth* intending to write the *arie di ballo*. But, alas! on reading this music I was struck by things which I did

not want to find. In a word, there are several passages which are either weak or lacking in character, which is even worse. . . .

1. An aria of Lady Macbeth in Act 2.
2. Several pieces to be rewritten in the scene of the Apparition, Act 3.
3. Macbeth's aria in Act 3 to be rewritten completely.
4. Touch up the first scenes of Act 4.
5. Write the last Finale afresh, cutting out Macbeth's death on the stage.

It will take some time to do this, and the ballet as well, and Carvalho had better abandon the idea of producing *Macbeth* this winter.

Talk it over and answer soon. To-morrow I go to Turin, where I stay for eight or ten days; write to me there. Good-bye.

Kind greetings to your family.

G. VERDI.

No. 2.

Turin,

Nov. 2, 1864.

My Dear Léon,

I came back to Turin this morning, where I found both your telegram and your letter announcing the success of *Traviata*. As you may imagine, I didn't weep—on the contrary, I am delighted. I beg you, my dear friend, to be my interpreter and to thank warmly in my name, clear-sighted brave Carvalho, the able artistes, the choruses, and M. Deloffre, who, from what I hear, did wonders with his orchestra.

Turning to *Macbeth*, I am very sorry that M. Carvalho cannot give me more time for the changes and modifications I should like to make in the music. Anyhow, I will try to do what I had proposed to myself, and if I can succeed in finishing it for the required date, that is to say, for Jan. 10, you will pay me 10,000 fr. (ten thousand) for all countries except Italy, and I shall have all author's rights for this opera for the whole French Empire. Is this clear and well understood between us? Then so be it.

Now I'm going to open the compliment box for you, and . . . but really a bear isn't graceful enough to ape a dandy, so I must be content to keep my character of a blunt, straightforward man, and as such I offer you a hearty handshake, begging you to believe in my sincere friendship.

G. VERDI.

No. 2a.

From Mme. Verdi, written on a small sheet of notepaper.

Dear Léon,

Verdi says it is not fitting that I should write my compliments at the end of his business letter! I obey, and am writing on this scrap of paper. I shall not have room to express myself at length, but there will always be room to tell you of my most sincere and lasting

friendship for you and your family. That may be of no matter to you, but it is true. On turning the page, I glanced at the few lines I have written, and I am bound to own that they couldn't have been written more abominably! I continue, however, at post-haste so as not to irritate the Great Composer's nerves, for he wants to send his letter off before dinner.

I know that you are well, and that Laure, Marie and Gaston are well . . . but as no one mentions the dear parrot I hope this interesting personage also enjoys perfect health and is completing his education. I hope also that the pheasant that is to be mine won't lose his golden feathers during the long time he is taking to get to St. Agata, but that he will arrive in all his splendid beauty, to the great admiration of the noble society we live amongst.

Joking apart, with all the warmth of my heart I embrace you and your family and Paris, too—Heavens, what Gargantuan arms!

Try to persuade Verdi to come to Paris without leaving me at St. Agata, where I am thoroughly bored at this time of year.

Goodbye.

J. VERDI.

No. 3.

St. Agata, Busseto,

Dec. 2, 1864.

Dear Léon,

I have been back from Turin some days, and now I am at close grips with *Macbeth*. You think I work only at the last minute? No, I'm working like a nigger even now—I won't say I do much, but I work, work, work.

In the first *Allegro* I shall only partly change the last *tempo* of the Duet, so the choruses will remain unchanged and they can study them. I, too, am of the opinion that the death of *Macbeth* should be changed, but the only thing that can be done is to make a Hymn of Victory of it. *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* are no longer on the stage, and with them absent one won't be able to do much with the secondary parts.

What troubles me a good deal is the ballet. It can only be put at the beginning of Act 3 after the Chorus. There are only witches on the stage, and to make these amiable creatures dance for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes will be a furious *divertissement*. One couldn't even introduce sylphs or spirits or anything else, because we have them when *Macbeth* swoons. If you have anything to suggest write to me at once.

I must leave you now as *Macbeth* is calling me. Write to me here and tell me all the pleasant things you can.

Affectionate greetings.

G. VERDI.

P.S.—Peppina* joins with me in greeting everyone.

P.P.S.—Peppina asks you again to pay her subscription for 1865 for her usual *Edition des Demoiselles*, Edition Bleue, Boulevard des Italiens, 1.

* I.e., Madame Verdi, née Giuseppina Streppani, the composer's second wife, married 1859. She was two years younger than he, and survived him several years.—[J. G. F.]

No. 4.

Busseto,

Dec. 18, 1864.

Dear Léon,

I see that at Paris, too, some postmen are idiots (as we should say *coglioni*) Amen.

Don't doubt that I am writing and working seriously, and I should like and hope to send you soon the first three Acts quite finished.

In the First Act there will be, as I told you, some touching up of the Duet between Lady Macbeth and Macbeth. The touching up will be in the *Adagio* and at the end. All the rest goes well. I shouldn't wish any ballet music introduced into this Act. It must be left as it is, the action is swift and hot. At the end of the first Chorus there is a little *Ronda* which the Chorus girls can and must do, as they do in all the theatres in Italy. It is very short and only lasts a few bars, and so it is effective, provided it is done well.

In the Second Act I shall change Lady Macbeth's first aria. The scene of the apparition is entirely changed.

The Third Act is almost wholly new and only wants the ballet music. When these ballets and Lady Macbeth's aria in the Second Act are done, I will send you the first three Acts completely scored.

Peppina greets you and sends a thousand good wishes, in which I join her. Goodbye.

G. VERDI.

No. 5.

Busseto,

Dec. 31, 1864.

Dear Léon,

A thousand, thousand, thousand, two thousand, three thousand good wishes to you and yours, with a hundred years of life and a full purse, and a tongue a hundred miles long to speak evil of all women and all men. Amen.

As to *Macbeth*, I am busy writing; you must have a little patience, and soon you shall have what you want and all will arrive in time. You can't imagine how tedious and difficult it is to work oneself up over a thing done at some other time, and to take up the thread broken so many years ago. It will soon be done—but I detest mosaic in music. Patience, patience, patience.

What you tell me about the Italian Theatre is no news, for I have long known Bagier, and I knew things could not go well. How is the conductor of the orchestra getting on? Badly, isn't he?

I will send you at once the receipt to demand my author's rights, of which, as you offer, I will profit by the other ten thousand francs, because, to tell the truth, my poor cashbox is quite empty. You know that everyone has paid what our Government asked, and many people, including your humble servant, have given loans to the various communes, so, as I say, we are all hard up.

Again, kind regards.

Goodbye.

G. VERDI.

P.S.—Peppina will write to-morrow or the day after.

No. 6.

Mme. Verdi to Léon Escudier. (Incomplete.)

Dear Léon,

Jan. 3, 1865.

We can believe that you weren't displeased at the success of *Violetta** and that Bagier is . . .

As to Meyerbeer, how do you know that this illustrious Jew won't suddenly appear at the rehearsals of his *Africaine*? His appearance wasn't that of a man of flesh and blood like ordinary mortals. Besides, Rossini talked long ago of certain sabbaths;† and some amiable witch might well help him to play the rôle of ghost, to be present at the rehearsals and at the triumph of his dear latest-born offspring‡, who has M. Fétis for godfather!

Verdi doesn't seem to me to be disposed to make either the journey to Paris or any other journey, for here we are still at St. Agata to-day, the 3rd of January, while it is snowing as hard as you please!

As you can imagine, I wish for you and dear Laure, and for Marie and Gaston, all that you may desire and all that I wish for myself, that is—

1. To be twenty years younger.
2. A Greek nose.
3. Legs ten centimetres longer, except for Laure.
4. An iron constitution.
5. An income of £365,000.
6. . . . I will tell you another time.

Verdi greets you all very warmly. He is always a man who is near perfection, except in grace and other little trifles. When you don't know what to do, write to me. It makes a bright spot in this life, so invariably calm and devoid of amusement. . . .

No. 7.

Busseto,

Jan. 23, 1865.

Dear Léon,

You will have received the first two Acts of *Macbeth* some time ago. I sent off the third the other day to Ricordi, from whom you will get it, perhaps at the same time as this letter. With the exception of a part of the first Chorus and part of the ballet of the Sylphs, when *Macbeth* has swooned, all this act is new. It ends with a Duet between Lady *Macbeth* and *Macbeth*. It doesn't seem to me illogical that as Lady *Macbeth* is constantly watching her husband she should have found out where he is. The act finishes better thus: The lady appears and sustains *Macbeth* in his anguish.

**La Traviata*, translated into French under the title of *Violetta*, had been produced at Carvalho's Theatre Lyrique on October 17, 1864. Bagier was then manager of the Theatre des Italiens.

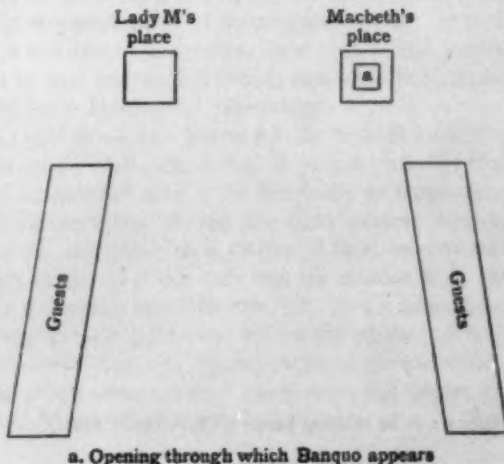
† An allusion to the well-known saying of Rossini: *Quand les juifs auront fini leur sabbat*.

‡ Meyerbeer having died on May 2, 1864, Fétis was appointed to produce *L'Africaine* and to supervise the rehearsals. It was played for the first time at the Opera at Paris, April 28, 1865.

You will see that there is a little action in the ballet that connects it excellently with the drama. It is all indicated in the score, and you will find also the programme of the *divertissements*. The appearance of Hecate, Goddess of Night, is good, because it interrupts the witches' dance and introduces a calm, austere *adagio*. I need not tell you that Hecate should never dance but only assume various postures. It is needless, too, for me to say that this *adagio* must be played with the clarone or clarinetto-basso (as is indicated), producing in unison with the cello and bassoon the deep austere tones which the situation demands. Please ask the conductor of the orchestra to superintend the study of the dances from time to time, and to point out the *tempi* that I have marked. Ballet dancers always alter the time; if that is done in this case the ballet will lose its character entirely, and will fail to produce the effect which I think it should.

Another thing I recommend is that the number of the instruments forming the little orchestra beneath the stage at the moment of the apparition of the eight kings should be kept to strictly. This small orchestra of two oboes, clarinets in A, two bassoons and a double bassoon, gives a strange, mysterious, and at the same time, a calm and quiet harmony which other instruments could not do. They should be placed under the stage near an open trap-door big enough for the sound to rise and spread through the theatre, but mysteriously, and as in the distance.

Another remark for the Banquet Scene in the Second Act. I have seen *Macbeth* played many times in France, in England and in Italy, and everywhere Banquo is made to appear from behind a side-scene; he turns round and moves about in an agitated manner and inveighs against Macbeth, and then goes quietly away behind another side-scene. In my opinion this produces no illusion and causes no sensation, and one doesn't understand whether he is a ghost or a man. When I put *Macbeth* on the stage in Florence, I made Banquo appear (with a long wound in his forehead) from a trap-door exactly in Macbeth's place. He did not move about, but only shook his head at the right moment. He was terrifying.



This arrangement gives Macbeth opportunity to move about, and Lady Macbeth can stand beside him all the time to whisper to him the speeches which the situation requires. If you find this arrangement better, carry it out. But take care that the audience understands Banquo's ghost.

A last observation. In the Duet between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in the First Act there occurs the first passage that always makes a great effect, and there is a phrase—

"Follie, follie che sperdono
I primi rai del di."

The French translator must keep the words "Follie, follie," because it is perhaps in these words and in this diabolical derision of Lady Macbeth's that the secret of the effect of this piece lies.

I am sending you the letter for Guyot. Have the kindness to ask for this money and, as you offer it, . . . * your ten thousand francs, and send a bill of exchange payable at sight for the whole amount at Turin.

This long letter was already written before your last of the 21st arrived. You now know that the Third Act has already been sent off. I am working at the Fourth. I thought there was only the last Chorus to be rewritten, but there will be other things to be touched up and rewritten if there is a little more time. I should think you could busy yourself on the first three acts and on the staging, and so I should have a little time to rewrite the fourth. Let me know how much time you allow me and the exact day you want the Fourth Act at Paris. Write soon.

Greetings from us to all your family.

Affectionately yours,

G. VERDI.

Translated by L. A. SHEPPARD.

(To be continued.)

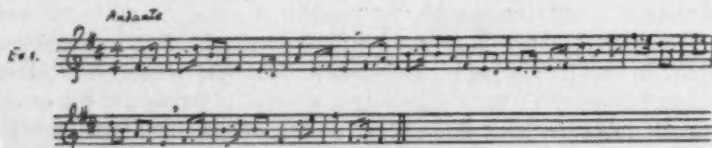
* A word appears to be missing here.—[Translator's note.]

BURNS AND THE SCOTTISH FOLK-SONG

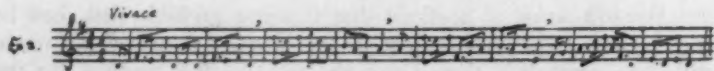
To divide musicians or poets into two classes—those “born” and those “bred”—casts no slur on the man whose natural gifts have been strengthened by a thorough drilling in strict counterpoint or Greek iambics, but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that there occasionally appear heaven-sent geniuses, to whom academic polish would add nothing and whose work, by its very simplicity and directness, often surpasses in quality the most carefully and elaborately moulded ideas of the cultivated mind. It is only natural that, in this cruder state, the sister-arts should render each other mutual assistance; the novice's first attempt at musical composition usually takes the form of a song—a setting of some familiar and well-loved verses. So, conversely, the peasant-poet of Scotland, when he poured out his loves and hopes and sorrows in verse, spontaneously moulded his thoughts to fit those tunes which had been created in long-past centuries by the people of his own station in life who, when they made music, expressed those very same elemental passions and sentiments which he now wanted to express in words—love, humour, patriotism—feelings which are common to every class and rank, but which only find their finest and freest expression in those who are brought in most direct contact with mother earth and are consequently unaffected by the artificiality of the educated artist. It is this quality which makes folk-music so valuable as a clue to the psychology of a people, and it was this quality which endeared it to Robert Burns, who knew or cared nothing for psychology.

Indeed, so well fitted was Burns for the task of breathing new life into the folk-music of Scotland that it seems probable that, had he only become acquainted with it in the years of manhood, he would still have recognised that it was the most perfect medium for the expression of his thoughts; as a matter of fact, he was steeped in it from the very cradle—for not only was his mother well versed in all pertaining to folk-music and folk-lore, but, as he tells us himself, his little mind was greatly influenced by an old woman, a friend of the Burns family, who had the biggest stock of ghost-stories and folk-songs in the whole countryside. Such were the germs from which sprang *Tam-o'-Shanter* and *The Jolly Beggars*.

It is highly improbable that Burns had any grandiose ideas of setting words to the whole existing folk-music of Scotland (although he nearly did *that*!), ideas like those of Hugo Wolf, who proposed to set the whole of German lyric poetry to music. Yet, like Wolf, he appears purposely to have avoided trespassing on ground where he considered his predecessors had already laboured with good effect—for Ramsay had forestalled him in some cases, while in others (e.g., "The Flowers of the Forest," "Helen of Kirconnel" and "Auld Robin Gray") the existing traditional words were perfect. At least, that is the only possible explanation of his ignoring some very fine tunes. The older version of "Auld Robin Gray" is, indeed, one of the loveliest of all British folk-tunes:—



and must certainly have been known and loved by the poet, so that the fact that it did not inspire him seems inexplicable in any other way. Not infrequently, however, he seems to have thought the traditional words in need of touching up or incomplete in sense, in which cases the resulting lyric has too often been accepted as entirely Burns'; for instance, the last two stanzas only of "John Anderson, my jo," are the poet's, while I have reason to doubt the authorship of even "O, my love's like a red, red rose." Another glaring instance is the ballad to the very old tune of "Kellyburn Braes" (apparently a favourite of his):—

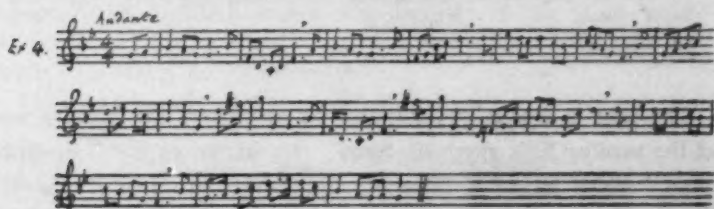


Although always included in the poet's works, the verses differ only in the slightest from the original, traditional ones; in yet another case the verses have been proved to be by the poet's friend, Dr. Blacklock. Sometimes, however, a few lines only of an old ballad with a lilting tune sufficed to set Burns' ever-ready imagination off in a different channel of thought from that of the original. The

charming verses to the air of "The Birks of Abergeldie" (Burns, curiously enough, has *Aberfeldy*) were suggested in this way by the first four lines of the old song of that name; in this case Burns' words are exceptionally well-adapted to the flowing air, which in itself interests the musician by reason of its peculiar cadences:—



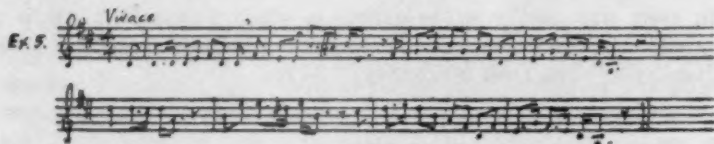
Another instance of Burns' being inspired by an air and another poet's lines is the song, "O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide," based on what he supposed to be a ballad-fragment; as a matter of fact, the lines which struck the poet's fancy occur originally in some exquisite verses by John Mayne, of Glasgow, published in the *Star* of May 23, 1789. The tune, "Logan Water," which inspired both poets, is in every way worthy of the honour in which they held it. It is a genuine pastoral folk-tune, its antiquity being mentioned in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" (1724).




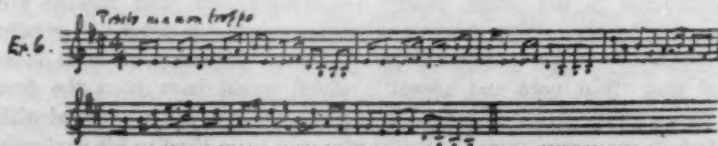
We are told that "Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music," and for confirmation we need only examine a few songs in conjunction with the tunes to which they were set. When several verses of a song have to be fitted to the same tune, without the least alteration in the latter, faulty declamation and false accents are inevitable; the setting of words to existing music can never give results satisfactory to the cultivated ear. Burns, obviously, thought little of that "just note and accent" which would have been the first consideration of, for instance, Tennyson, who was justly annoyed with certain composers (notably Balfe) who paid little heed to his rhythmic

schemes in their settings. With the Scot, however, the words probably "shaped" themselves more or less to fit the air, at the first flood of inspiration, and farther than that the poet did not concern himself. So cavalier was his treatment that, in at least one case ("Again rejoicing Nature sees" to the air, "I wish my love were in a myre"), it is necessary to omit four lines to avoid leaving the tune unfinished!

It is not surprising, therefore, to note that, as a general rule, the verses set to the vivacious and strongly rhythmical dance-tunes are far truer in accent and in every way closer wedded to the music than those set to the slow, pastoral airs, which are, like so many English folk-songs of the slower type, more remarkable for beauty of melodic contour than for rhythmic variety. To take an example, Burns has nowhere caught the spirit of a tune more happily or identified with it the rhythmic impulse of his verses more thoroughly than in the well-known "Green grow the rushes" to the air of the same name:—



The tune is especially interesting on account of the effective use of the peculiar little rhythmic figure , known as the "Scottish snap," which is one of the most characteristic features of Scottish music. Burns again takes a happy advantage of the same feature in the air "Tibbie Fowler," in the humorous song on "Willie Wastle's Wife." The tune is a good example of the type that attracted the poet's more lively instincts.



Another strongly rhythmical tune which attracted Burns' fancy and fired his patriotic instincts was the old marching air, "Hey Tutti Taiti": —

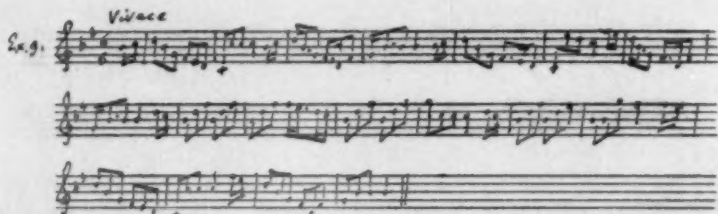


The famous address of Bruce to his troops, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled" (in which Burns catches the spirit of the sturdy, square-cut two-bar phrases—instead of striving to soften their abrupt and rugged outline as a lesser mind would have done), was probably suggested by the tradition that it was to this very tune that the Scottish army marched to Bannockburn. Setting this aside as highly improbable, if not altogether impossible, the fact remains that "Hey tutti taiti" is the oldest Scottish air as to the antiquity of which we have any definite proof; the fact that Gawin Douglas alludes to it, under the name of "The jolly day now dawis," dates it back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and there is nothing to show that the tune was not old even then. Another well-known air which seems to have been a particular favourite of Burns is the "Rothiemurcus Rant," apparently of Highland origin—the majority of the tunes which attracted the poet's attention being, of course, those of the Lowlands and more or less pastoral in character.



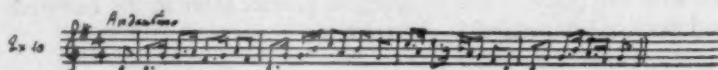
Burns, however, has scarcely caught the Gaelic swirl of the tune in either of his lyrics; the earlier setting, "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," is, of the two, better suited to the "ranting" tune than the delicately beautiful "Fairest maid on Devon banks." This last, by the way, derives what journalists describe as "a melancholy interest" from the fact that it was, we have reason to believe, the poet's last piece of work.

Burns, one notices, was often so attracted by a tune that he provided more than one set of verses for it; "O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," is another case in point.



Beside the arch verses of the same name, which describe better than a dozen novels the stratagems of a clandestine love-affair, our poet has set to it a long humorous ballad, "The Whistle"—an epic of the bottle whose historical foundation is too long to relate here, but should, however, be interesting for more than its antiquity to a Saintsbury or a Quiller-Couch—while Granville Bantock might make something of a symphonic poem on the subject!

Burns was not always so successful in catching the spirit of a tune; of course, for anyone unacquainted with the traditional half-humorous, half-pathetic verses of "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," the tune has no incongruous associations:—



To one who *does* know that delightful ballad the association with the air of Burns' "My Mary's face, my Mary's form," cannot fail to appear particularly ludicrous.

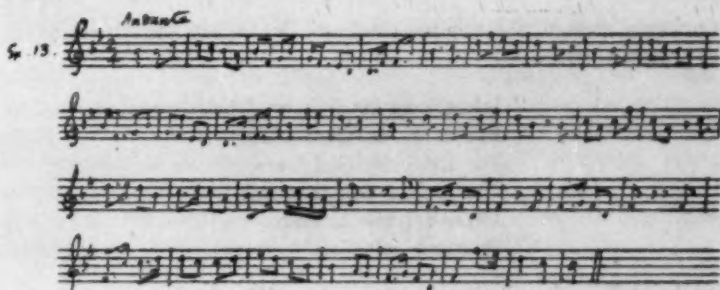
Burns showed, perhaps, too little discrimination in the choice of slower airs; the good healthy taste, which seldom deserted him when he wanted a lively or stirring tune, prompted him to the selection not only of a beautiful old folk-song like "Gala Water":—



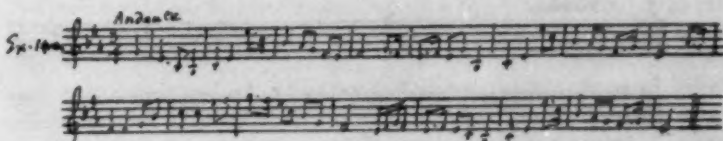
(though it allowed him to mangle the phrasing of even this), but also a more modern production, like "Sensibility"—innocuous in itself, yet unsuited to the peculiar genius of the son of the soil.



More typical than either of these is "De'il tak' the Wars," which, although I can scarcely believe it a genuinely old folk-tune, is certainly a good example of a type of tune which is popular to this day in the Western Lowlands, and of which Burns seems to have been rather fond.

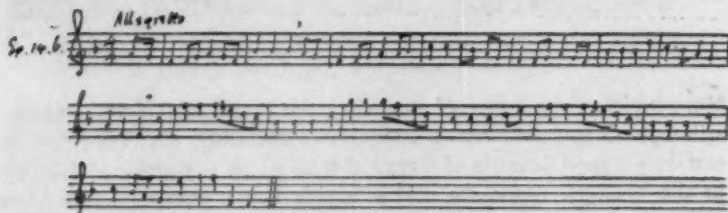


This air* has two settings—"Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou" and "Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion"—both in English and consequently less pleasing (if more understandable to a mere Sassenach) than dialect verses. Of truer folk-origin and no little antiquity is the lovely air "Auld Rob Morris," in his setting of which Burns was exceptionally happy:—



* Cp. "Helmsley."—[Ed.]

Another air of certain antiquity (it is probably as old as "Hey tutti taiti") is the famous "John, come kiss me now," to which Burns set some verses on his favourite theme of honest and contented poverty.

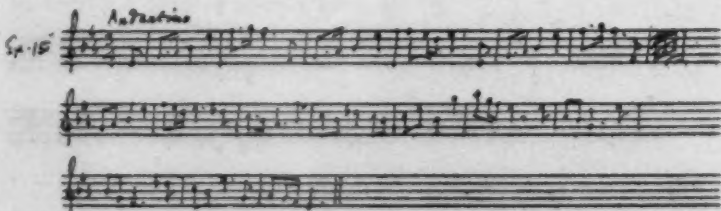


Curiously enough, the original (at least, the earliest extant) words are of a sacred nature:—

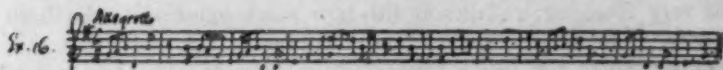
"Johne, cum kis me now, [thrice repeated]
 And make no more adow.
 The Lord thy God I am,
 That Johne dois thee call.
 Johne represents man
 By grace celestiall," etc.

while tradition has it that the tune was originally that of a hymn in the Latin service!

A third very old air, which is of additional interest by reason of the fact that it was *collected* and noted by Allan Ramsay (but for whose Cecil Sharp-like labours so many lovely old airs would have been irretrievably lost), is "Waly, waly" (O waly, waly up the bank)":—



We do not find that Burns himself has many notable achievements to his credit as a *collector* of folk-tunes; he is, however, credited with the discovery of a different (and probably older) version of "The Quaker's Wife":—



while he also upset the theory that "The Ewe-Bughts" was of Lowland origin by the discovery of a ballad, "The Laird o' Gordon had three daughters," sung to this air in the North and obviously older than the Southern, "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?" His own verses to the air ("Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?") were a juvenile effort, but one which, judging by a letter to the publisher, Thomson, seems to have always retained a corner in his heart.

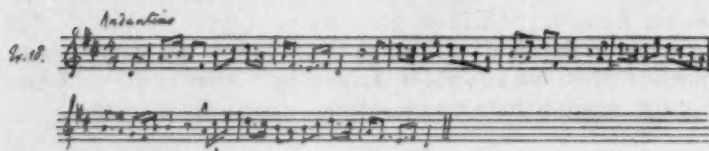
No account, however fragmentary and incomplete, of Burns' connection with folk-song can ignore the few *Irish* tunes for which he wrote words. Though not numerous—a mere half-dozen or so—they are interesting as showing to what extent tunes of foreign origin become naturalised in a neighbouring country, so thoroughly that in this case the Scottish dialect words do not seem in the least incongruous. Indeed, one of the airs, "Captain O'Kain,"



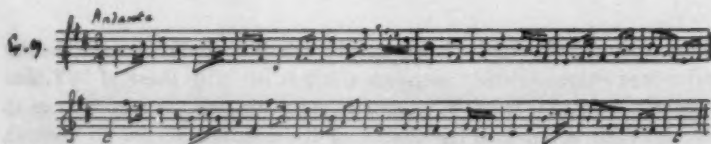
while undoubtedly Irish, is so nearly allied in both general feeling and minor characteristics (compare the last bar with those of "Tibbie Fowler" and "O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad") as to give no little support to the theory of the common origin of Scottish and Irish folk-song—though, of course, owing to the frequent intercourse between the people of the Lowlands and those of Ulster, it is possible that tunes underwent slight changes at the hands of those who introduced them into Scotland, while the fact that the people of

Ulster come largely of Scottish stock makes it not impossible that "Captain O'Kain" may, after all, be really of Scottish origin.

More obviously Irish is the jig-tune "Ballinamona Ora," into the exuberant high spirits of which Burns thoroughly entered in his satirical "Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms." Of the other Irish tunes, "Oonagh's Waterfall" and "Coolun" strike one as very charming melodies of the type which appealed to the Irish Burns—Tom Moore. It is rather remarkable, in this connection, that neither Moore nor Burns seems to have been acquainted with that loveliest of all the airs common to both countries, "Gramachree," which, though the melody is rather Irish than Scottish, has certain characteristics of the latter which make its origin not quite certain:—

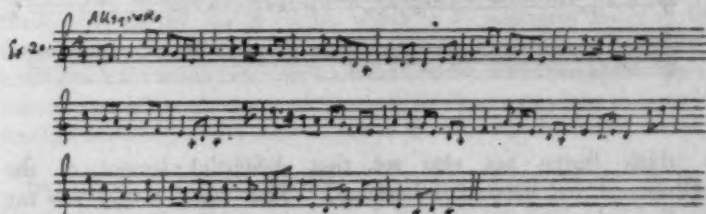


More interesting, in some ways, than the Irish airs are those few modern ones by "one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living, Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh." Masterton's best-known composition is the famous "Tears of Caledonia" to Smollet's equally famous verses, "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn" (for, as Burns said, both he and Burns were "sprouts of Jacobitism"). The musical pedagogue had absorbed the folk-idiom as completely as any Grainger or Vaughan Williams, witness the exquisitely beautiful "Strathallan's Lament," also inspired by Jacobite sentiments, which it is interesting to compare with the previously quoted *folk-tune*, "Auld Rob Morris":—



The two tunes are not dissimilar in character and it would puzzle even an expert to distinguish the "imitation" from the genuine article.

Two other songs in which Burns and Masterton collaborated with the happiest results are "The Braes of Ballochmyle" ("The Catrine woods were yellow seen") and "The Happy Topers" ("O Willy brew'd a peck o' maut"), which last celebrates an actual festive gathering at Moffat; the "Willy" of the song was their host, Nicol, one of Masterton's colleagues at the Edinburgh High School, "Rob and Allan" being, of course, respectively, the poet and musician:—



Burns, delighted at the success which had attended his songs and at the revival of interest in the national melodies to which they had so much contributed, was naturally stirred to a more ambitious effort; if separate songs, why not a whole cantata, based on folk-tunes? There was the successful precedent of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* founded on English popular tunes, and a Scottish inn was certainly as promising a subject as an English jail. (Why are vagabonds—even the worst—so entirely likeable in literature?) Such thoughts as these must have been Burns' when he conceived *The Jolly Beggars*.

The Jolly Beggars was to have been a sort of apotheosis of Scottish melody, as *Tam-o'-Shanter* was of Scottish superstition; it was to be a work that would endure when trifling songs might be forgotten; that would give the national tunes a permanent and lasting connection with the national literature. Unfortunately, Burns' powers were entirely lyric and not in the least dramatic. When a Northern critic says that *The Jolly Beggars* is not only dramatic, but that "the characters are all finely sustained," I must confess I am totally unable to follow the intricate reasoning which must have been necessary to arrive at such a conclusion. As a matter of fact, the libretto, however vivid in description and "pawky" in humour, is hopelessly undramatic; the lyrics are so long as to be wearisome, without variation in the tunes, while the narrative passages ("recitativo") are alone an almost insuperable obstacle to an actual performance; to set them as musical "recitative," as Burns seems to

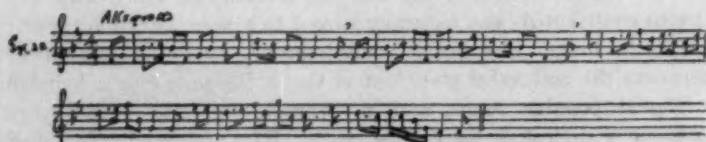
have planned, is entirely out of the question, though they might be recited to a musical accompaniment.

Of the seven tunes which are included in *The Jolly Beggars*, decidedly the most taking is that of the Fiddler's Song, "Whistle owre the lave o't":—

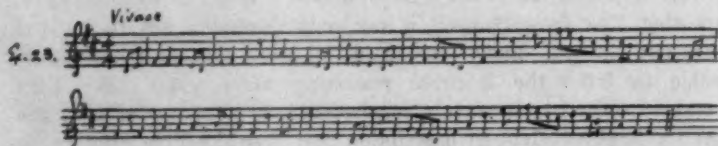


to which Burns has also set that delightful lament of the disillusioned and henpecked husband, "First when Maggy was my care."

Another very favourite air of Burns' (it inspired several settings) was that of the Post's Song, "For a' that and a' that":—



The Widow's Song, "A Highland lad my love was born," is sometimes given to the tune, "Oh, an' ye were dead, guidman!" but was obviously originally intended for the old Jacobite "rant," "The white cockade":—



Of the other tunes, probably the best known is that of the final Drinking Chorus, "Jolly mortals, fill your glasses."

An actual performance of *The Jolly Beggars* would not be beyond the range of possibility—there ought not to be wanting a composer of the right calibre who would fill in some light-handed accompaniments, write a Falstaffian overture and, perhaps, make a vigorous choral setting (in more modern idiom) of the narrative passages—in which surroundings the old tunes would doubtless have a charming effect; I have in my mind something on the same pattern as Vaughan Williams' long-promised ballad-opera, *Hugh the Drover*. I am delighted to see that Mr. Frederick Austin is planning an opera on these lines on the life of Burns, which is to introduce many of the tunes which the poet set (I hope he won't forget Allan Masterton), and perhaps, after all, Mr. Austin, with his *Beggar's Opera* experience, will produce a work that will fill that very niche in Scottish musical literature which Burns tried to fill with his ill-starred cantata.

To consider and thoroughly investigate every detail of this fascinating subject of the tunes which inspired the Bard of Ayr would, in truth, be the work of little less than a life-time, involving, as it would, the study, not only of the vast hoards of Scottish folk-music, but also of much of the work of Ramsay, Tannahill and others, for the deeper one digs into the subject the more closely one finds the work of Burns to be connected with that of his predecessors and contemporaries; like Beethoven, he was no isolated figure in history, but rather the "expected one" who finished and rounded off the work of Ramsay and those other earnest lovers of their country's music. Other names there are—Tannahill, Sir Alexander Boswell, Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Walter Scott—but that of Burns stands pre-eminent. More than Scott, he caught the spirit of dying Jacobitism, more than Boswell, the humour of the Lowland peasantry—for he was himself of the people and he shared their feelings and their regrets for a dead cause; all the forces of nature, which drew from his heart his songs, had, in past centuries, drawn from the souls of his ancestors the simple, yet perfect, tunes to which he set them. What wonder, then, that the union of thought and feeling is so exquisite? Learning and pedantry will find many faults—faults which jar on a sensitive ear or the mind which, thanks to "education" or "refinement," has lost touch with the elemental forces of nature—but, as I remarked in the beginning, academic polish would have added nothing to his natural gifts; indeed, in those few cases when he attempted a greater elegance of style, not only do the words seem affected in themselves, but the songs—as songs—are invariably failures.

In the space of this article it has been impossible to give more than a brief survey of the subject, though I have endeavoured to select

those examples which seemed either typical of a numerous class (for there is a certain "sameness" in all folk-music) or interesting on account of their antiquity or associations, and if this brief sketch should but induce someone better equipped for the task than I to thoroughly investigate the strangely magnetic power which Scottish music has influenced over the Lowland folk-poets, I shall be more than repaid for whatever trouble I have taken.

GERALD E. H. ABRAHAM.

OPERA AS IT IS—AND MAY BE

THE PRODUCTION OF OPERA IN ENGLAND

OPERATIC burlesque is the commonest and safest joke of the music-hall stage. Its immediate appeal to the audience is threefold: there is a happy reminiscence of some well-known air—*Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Carmen*, each has its definite tags of recognition; there is opportunity for over-acting and striking attitudes, and, in addition, there is the never stale joke of uttering commonplaces grandiloquently. All parody is a form of criticism, to which many subscribe who could not directly criticise the object of the parody, often, indeed, accepting it as the conventional good. It is one of the enigmas of the human mind that men should read "Gulliver's Travels" and still live on in the same way, should laugh at "Excelsior" in the operatic vein and still accept operas no whit better done than the amusing burlesque. An exaggerated style in singing is apparently funny when it is meant to be funny and impressive when it is meant to be impressive. Some burlesques I have seen mouth gibberish to represent the foreign words, and it shows us that a mere translation is not all that is necessary for making a libretto intelligible across the floats. Another common trick is to have words like "Pass the mustard" sung to flowery arias or heavy dramatic recitative. Action is usually highly declamatory in burlesque, with wild gesture and bodily movement; it is like the first movements of an affected child; it is unnatural as far as the character portrayed is concerned, but natural—that is, unconsidered—to the actor. The "romantic" atmosphere is commonly caught by ludicrous dresses—a saucepan for a hat, a cardboard sword, and a coat worn the wrong way round for a tabard (or whatever it is). Reason, it must be admitted, is with the satirist, and to call his satire crude is to introduce a word that might prove a useful weapon in the satirist's hand. The unhesitating acceptance of the audience is a proof of this reason. The point of the matter is that in the opera house a theatrical convention is tolerated, on account of the music, which

would be laughed at in any other theatre. Anyone who takes someone to his first opera has a good chance of studying this.

My contention is that this convention is not only unnecessary but a positive handicap to commercial success and more still to the ease and simplicity of the producer's work. A simpler and more direct view of operatic production would not only be more successful but also more convenient to everyone concerned. But the prime necessity is a producer, a figure whose function in these days of super-films and a highly capitalistic theatre is well understood by the public. I propose to discuss the producer's part in opera, not with reference to any particular man, or caste, or opera, or theatre, but solely from a theoretical standpoint; to discuss his duties and his obligations, and to endeavour to find for him in opera a position similar to that which he holds in (as they call it) "the legit." or "straight" stage. I speak of England only, because it is mere repetition to draw comparisons with Germany and Austria which do not flatter ourselves.

And first it is essential briefly to justify stage action in opera. This is beyond the question of whether opera is a true art-form, and beyond that, too, of nomenclature—opera *versus* music-drama. Unless you dismiss stage illusion entirely, unless, that is, you give a "concert-version" of an opera, or perform in complete darkness, you must have first a sufficient stage illusion, and secondly a stage illusion which is as much a part of the individual theatrical art as the musical performance is a part of the musical art. On the apparently reasonable assumption that stage action in opera is either necessary or unnecessary, the plea that it is the music that counts falls to the ground. The whole question comes to this: just as the music must be performed musically, so the theatrical action must be performed theatrically. Whether stage action is artistically necessary is another point. My only premise is that stage action is always admitted, and therefore must be dealt with in terms of the stage. It is difficult at this point, but perhaps important, to sum up briefly the function of the stage action. The librettist presents a series of characters in a dramatic situation; that is, he presents a clash of personality in a manner which is intelligible to the audience if played upon the stage. His medium is one that appeals to the eye, to the intellect, and partially to the emotions. The musician presents the same story in a different way, for simultaneous representation. His medium is one that appeals to the ear and to the emotions only. If one admits that the emotional appeal is greater than the visual appeal, yet one must admit that the two appeals are irretrievably bound up. The music is an emotional commentary in the dramatic situation, the play is an intensification of the music. (An interesting, if not perfect, analogy

may be found in the music provided at the cinema, or the soft music that sometimes is used in society dramas to intensify the strong moments. In these cases the music, which is not consciously heard, and the stage or screen action take respectively the positions of the stage action and the music in opera.) The presentation of characters by means of singing and other musical methods precludes any possibility of realism—in other words, there is so much less illusion inherent in an opera than in an ordinary play that it is useless to attempt to deceive the audience into thinking that they are witnessing a real slice out of life. A second and allied point is that it is very easy on the theatrical side, which appeals to the intellect, and impossible on the musical side, which appeals sensuously, to present that incongruity between real life and the representation, or, for another example, anachronism, which are so unconsciously yet irresistibly funny, and which often assume a theatrical importance beyond their deserts. The stage action, therefore, must, we say, present a dramatic situation and its characters intelligibly, and in complete homogeneity with the music to which it is an explanation. It must hold the visual and intellectual attention. It must be largely non-representational or symbolic. It must above all things avoid being unconsciously funny, which is the same thing as saying it must be directed with a sense of humour. Its medium must be the commonly accepted medium of theatrical art, which is a combination of the arts of the painter and the actor.

I consider the producer's relation to an operatic production as similar to that of the composer's relation to an orchestral performance. (The prime difference, that the composer deals with ideas wholly original and the producer with ideas only partly original, does not affect the argument.) A composer conceives a piece of music. For performance he has to write this down in a concrete manner of such a kind that the sounds heard will correspond approximately with the sounds he conceived. To do this he must give each instrument a part wholly suitable to its nature, adapting his ideas, if necessary, to suit the instruments he employs. The actual performance is given by agents who follow his written instructions under a director who presumably fully understands them. The producer of an opera has presented to him a bare libretto and a bare score. From these elements he has to construct a series of effects which will completely bear out the writer's ideas. (Here the similarity begins.) He conceives his ideas and must see them carried out. He must transform his ideas into the concrete terms of the actors he employs, the stage, lighting and grouping, the whole musical performance, and so on. He must arrange his ideas entirely in agreement with the physical

nature of his agents, like the orchestral instruments. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and the actual performance is the producer's, carried out by agents under other direction. I cannot too strongly urge that the producer's ideas must be concrete and adaptable, defined and precise in content, but capable of infinite variation to suit the material he handles, which is far less malleable than his ideas.

It is not from ignorance of the producer's function that he has been so neglected in the English opera house; but more, I think, from first, the belief in the musical sufficiency of opera, and secondly, from delight in "stars," which is the direct opposite of a desire for good production. Corney Grain had a song about Sullivan's "Chorister":

" Whose voice o'ertopped the rest,
Which is very inartistic,
But the public like it best."

So long as we go to hear "Patti in Mozart, not Mozart in Patti," as Sir Charles Stanford recently said, so long we shall be opposing any attempt at "production." The producer's function is the welding of details into one organic and satisfying whole, and that, of course, is art, by derivation as well as by spirit. I need not here do more than sum up, with especial reference to the opera, the producer's place in the ordinary theatre. It is being understood at last. Virtually his job is to take individual treatments of the characters by his actors and combine them into a coherent presentation of a play, which is, must be, an entity, a single if complex idea. He must use his technical apparatus (lights, scenery, etc.), his actors' talents, his author's words, as a means of presenting dramatically a conception of the play. His must be a mind of presentation and his must be an innate sense of fitness. Now opera demands further talents—a knowledge of music, of the orchestra and of singing especially, a capacity to stage a chorus, and an ability for synchronisation, among others. So far from opera's needing no producer, which is what it generally gets, it needs a better producer, and needs it far more, than the normal stage play. That is the strangest fact about opera, that its most especial need is so rarely supplied.

I must here qualify my statement that an operatic producer needs a knowledge of music. When I say a stage producer needs a knowledge of lighting, I do not imply that he is an electrician and can repair a "cold arc." Nor, to direct an actor in his part, need he be able actually to play that part better himself. Music, on the other hand, is so highly technical an accomplishment that

nothing short of a Royal College training and a life-time's experience qualify a man in the eyes of his fellows for a post connected with musical direction. In this way music is the most exclusive art, because it is of the arts the most remote from fact. A publisher may accept works on the most diverse subjects, and his judgment may be (let us suppose, for argument's sake) right every time; that does not imply exact technical knowledge of all the subjects on his list. He buys his technical knowledge. Advisers tell him about their own subjects. All that is demanded of the central direction is a knowledge of books. So a producer of opera must know the score of the opera, must know its points and its duration and its difficulties. His musical director is employed to do the rest. In fact, it is an important part of the operatic producer's function to employ the right musical director and to use his musical ability for the furtherance of the artistic success of the whole performance. I have at some length dealt with this point because I believe technical knowledge is often given a wrong valuation, and especially in music. The gravest mistake is made when the "artistic director" (as he has been called) of an opera company is only a musician. He may be a musician, just as he may be a misanthrope, but first of all he must be a producer of plays. Any other abilities are probably very useful, but they are also superogatory.

Of the special problems with which the producer of opera has to deal, the first is concerned with the actors at his disposal. The frequently debated question of the star singer can easily be dismissed by saying that one swallow does not make a summer, nor one singer an opera. With the ordinary material the operatic producer is at a disadvantage, in that the specialised ability of singing and the specialised quality and register of voice must be the first indications in casting. (But suitability of appearance must surely weigh with the chooser of parts; an immense woman cannot play or act *Butterfly* for all her musical ability.) Further, just as I do not expect actors to be singers, so I do not expect singers to be actors. Some well-known concert singers put on their cards and Press advertisements "Singer and Actor." Actor too often means "used to audiences, having learned deportment and acquired a presence and bodily control, and understanding enunciation." The error often made by producers is in their assumption that the singer is a better actor than he is, and the error often made by the singer is in the assumption that his portrayal of a character will convey to the audience what it means to him as he makes it. The actor's first concern is to present the character as the author intended it; this presentation it is the duty of the producer to correct and to relate to the other parts. The

producer and actor must be in absolute accord concerning the character to be portrayed, whether he is "sympathetic" or not, for example. This remark is so elementary that I will give the obvious instance, which I have used before, of Walther in *The Mastersingers*, who is intended to represent "modernism" and "free thought" as opposed to academicism. The whole sympathies of the audience must be with him; his character and his prize-song must win utter approval. But partly owing to his written part (in both words and music) and partly owing to the operatic convention with young heroes, he is liable to become a prig, a model of conceited rectitude. Upon attaining this accord the producer must provide action for the actor, or modify the actor's work, to suit the central scheme. It cannot be called easy to make a singer into an actor, but by strict adherence to simple gesture and a point, as it were, to march on in the portrayal of character, it is not difficult either. A great performance needs a great actor; a fit performance, on the other hand, is within the capabilities of any experienced singer who will do as he is told, provided there is a competent producer to tell him. A further problem connected with the caste is contained in the fact that the whole conveyance of words to the audience is done by means of singing. How rarely can words be heard at English concerts! The precaution has sometimes been taken of issuing a detailed summary of the libretto to the audience; it is not harsh to say that nine operas out of ten would be dramatically unintelligible if this were not done or if the stories were not already well known. Everyone who keeps his ears alive between the acts or in the cheaper parts of the house can bear witness to the mystification of audiences and the misconceptions which they make at ordinary productions. Identification of character is frequently made difficult by bad production. It is expounding no high ideal of theatrical art to demand that every character on the stage should be individual, and that enunciation should be generally improved, and that the machinery of the plot be made obvious to all the auditorium. It can be done, but it seldom is.

There is another theatrical difficulty in the very nature of the ordinary libretto. Many of the musically most beautiful operas are based upon plays which would be impossible in an ordinary theatre. Secondly, librettos are nearly always romantic in style, concerned with the past, and often a dim and anachronistic past. The possibilities for effects which this opens to the producer are obvious, but I mention the point here for one of its disadvantages. Thirdly, there is the musical speech. The common factor is that any attempt at imitating "real life" is doomed to failure. Operatic action must be conceived symbolically and in a non-representational way. If we look

at the example of the chorus, we see that the members cannot by any possibility behave as if they were the real inhabitants of the world which the particular opera presents. What I do not agree with is that the members of the chorus should behave so flagrantly like members of a chorus. Imagination does not quail before the task of finding action which will be suitable, decorative, and in the spirit of the opera. So with the principals: they will *ex hypothesi* be unable to give a life-like representation of the real men and women the opera deals with. At present they are frequently like real men and women acting in opera, and like nothing else.

There is a serious difficulty in this connection that the world knows operas which were written in the "operatic" idiom. It has been thought to get round this difficulty by the scenery of to-day's decorative school. The scenery does not concern the action, which is the most conventional part. Improve the action by making it suitable, non-realistic, and wholly decorative, and you will be able to play the scenes before grey curtains, or a bare brick wall. Good scoring does not make good music out of bad.

In addition to other points of supremacy the composer has control of the time of an opera. The dramatic timing has been already decided for the producer, and he must work to schedule. This imposes a great handicap on the producer, who has to make his theatrical points when he is allowed to. Too short a time for suitable action is a simple problem compared with that of providing action for a long scene which musically treats a single incident. Soliloquy is one side of this difficulty. Musical interest is frequently allowed in passages like this to try to take all the attention of the audience. Musical interest cannot do this in an opera, however strong it is, but if one agrees that it is very strong, then it will not be lessened by stage movement, as some producers apparently think. Visual attention lost is interest lost, and action, whether external or of the actor himself, cannot be allowed to lapse for any reason whatever, except the purely dramatic demands of the play.

One is only permitted to mention such commonplaces as lighting (and then, perhaps, only for completeness' sake) by the fact that opera producers frequently fail in the purely physical (as it were) matters of stage-management. I could fill a book with actual examples from the productions of the last few years where the grossest ignorance and neglect of stage technique were exhibited. It requires some tolerance in the habitual theatre-goer to undergo the coloured lights, the pick-out lime-lights, the stock scenery, the massing of crowds, the illuminated windows of houses, the shining wires suspending the fairies, the trumpeters' cardboard "parts" affixed to their heralds'

trumpets, as in the Salvation Army, the trumpeters' spectacles, and all the rest of the "effects" which even pantomimes in the Potteries will no longer tolerate. One particular example is worth citation, for it shows the lines on which improvement runs. At a recent production of *Tristan and Isolde* the castle scene was lit with blue lamps, and the body of the scenery was a greyish blue. On the O.P. side a torch was held on the wall, and although its flicker could not lighten an attic, the scenery near it was painted in brighter colours. Before three minutes of the act had passed the torch was removed, but the starry patch which the torch had once illuminated was still lit up—by nothing—and remained so, in the blue moonlight, for the rest of the scene. It is an utterly stupid point of criticism, but it is an "improvement" so much on the old lines that it is interesting. A competent control of the stage and its machinery is no virtue in a producer of plays. It is a commonplace primary qualification, like spelling in a typist or strength in a coalheaver. If a bookkeeper cannot add correctly he is not a competent bookkeeper; if he can he has not necessarily a genius for accountancy. Yet opera companies continue to specialise in producers who do not even know the machinery of their own business.

Unity of control is essential almost beyond dispute, and I have said enough to expose already my view that the king of the theatre is the producer, for the reasons (if for none of the others) that the music is but a single part of an operatic performance, that the producer is more capable of correlating the music and action than the musician the action and music, and that proficiency on the musical side has not yet in this country borne a satisfactory result. The producer must rule in the theatre. Under him the musical director can do his best with the satisfaction of knowing that other things are on his side besides his own art. He can rest assured in the knowledge that the musical side of opera—and this especially if it is in truth the most important side—cannot have a better presentation than when its stage accompaniment is of the very best. This is a point of which musical comedy is fully aware. In the stage accompaniment the visual senses must be charmed, and with this aim the producer must bend the artist's ideas to his will. The actors are the pieces in the producer's game. If he must not absolutely control them, he can have no function at all. And here amateur opera companies can teach their lesson, for they nearly always employ a professional producer. They allow him to play on them as on the keys of a piano, because they so enjoy the process, and at his charge, whatever the individual talent, three parts of the artistic success must be laid. And then there is the stage itself, whose manager must wholly carry out the producer's instruc-

tions. There is no other way in which opera can be made a complete and sufficient artistic success. And, to reinforce the position still further, we must notice that a theatrical view of opera cannot but have an influence on the librettist, who will be encouraged and later compelled to write his librettos in a manner satisfying to the dramatic as well as the musical senses.

Suggestions have been made from time to time that Mr. So-and-so ought to produce this or that opera. This is to retain the wholly personal note. It is to demand a change of manager, when what is needed is a change of mind. Indeed, no very original view is urged here, since it propounds only that a stage play, musical or not, should be dealt with as a stage play. It is, perhaps, so obvious a view as to have escaped notice. When I have raised points which should be palpable to the most commonplace mind, I have raised them simply because I find they are not. Opera is a junction of the arts; it is strange that a point of junction should so rarely be found. Opera must, if it is a true art form, be a true combination of the arts, or else it must fail as a form. The burden of successful opera lies on the producer's back.

HUBERT J. FOSS.

TWO BRITISH OPERAS

THE recent productions of Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate* at the "Old Vic," and Mr. Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour* at the Regent Theatre, are of greater importance than has been generally realised. It is only recently that it has begun to be recognised that the future of opera in English must ultimately depend upon the creation of a really English style of performance, and that this can only come about by the existence of a school of English operas, a school that is, which has real individuality, owing nothing to foreign tradition beyond the more obvious qualities of a technical effect born of long experience.

Hitherto English opera companies have been working in a vicious circle. To keep the hold upon the public they have been compelled to supply the popular operas of the day, which, naturally, has but confirmed the belief that opera is only possible when conceived on those same lines; while this continual performance of foreign music has perpetuated a style of interpretation which at its best can only be an

imitation and cannot possibly give native artists a proper opportunity of displaying their characteristic qualities, or, in point of fact, of bringing out the best that is in them, of showing us what they really can do. One thus gets no further. Season after season one hears the same kind of thing, companies even rise and fall and we are no nearer the establishment of a permanent opera, nor ever shall be in such circumstances.

It is fortunate that our haphazard way of dealing with opera does occasionally permit of productions having nothing in common with such methods, or the outlook would, indeed, appear hopeless. We have two striking examples in the works already named. They came originally to a hearing in different circumstances, Sir Thomas Beecham was responsible for the one, the other was due to Mr. Boughton's own energy at Glastonbury; but the important thing in operatic matters is the re-hearing.

There is no need, for the purpose of these remarks, to discuss either work in detail, and in any case, one imagines that by now most musical people have made their acquaintance; it is to their general nature that attention is called and to what it all signifies. In the first place their subject-matter is entirely national, Dame Smyth dealing with humour as seen through English eyes and Mr. Boughton with poetry of pure Celtic quality, and in the second, the musical treatment removes both far away from any other operas in existence from whatever country. This treatment can only be described as being essentially English (British) in character, and in the best kind of way, not because of the use of folk-music or of thematic material akin to it, but on account of the musical speech which is so exactly conditioned by the actual text, word by word. After all, opera is something to be sung, and without question the first requirement to be considered is that of the singer. It is impossible to imagine any other but English singers understanding how to make the right vocal inflexions in such music as this, and it is just in this very point where lies the secret of a really national opera style. There have been English operas written and produced which, whatever their other qualities are, were English in name only; the music has been in the French, Italian or German manner, while the text followed that of Wardour Street, or no style at all. Apart from the nature of the plot or its dramatic construction, such operas could not, however successful, help us over what is the really vital matter, arriving at something the ordinary person could recognise at once as belonging to the art material of the country. Neither could they help the performers.

But with the works of Dame Smyth and Mr. Boughton the case is very different, and what we want to find out now is how to follow up

and get the full advantage from these productions, how to show the public in general that opera as they know it does not exhaust all the possibilities of the art-form and, for it is equally important, that it does not necessarily mean in performance something which is not quite as good as the art of Caruso or Van Rooy. Risky though it may be, our opera companies ought to consider this matter very seriously, for once foreign opera comes back, as of a surety it will, the difference will be felt strongly enough to make our performances seem not quite what they do now. The difference will be one of degree and not of kind, whereas if we could but cultivate and develop our own way of doing things it would be just the other way about. We want to see in grand opera performance something akin to what the D'Oyley Carte Company give us in the lighter form, something that is, which has been evolved from, in fact necessitated by, the constant singing of English words set to English music. The *Boatswain's Mate* and *The Immortal Hour* seem to be ideal works from this point of view, and they undoubtedly ought to pass into the English repertories without delay. The other immediate requirement is the overhauling of some of the foreign opera translations so that the English singers need no longer feel ashamed at having to give out the feeble sentences which so often fall to their lot, making adequate expression an impossibility. Miss Baylis has had the good fortune of being helped by Mr. Dent's Mozart translations, but one awaits a new edition of the music with these texts so that they may be available for everyone.

NICHOLAS GATTY.

SOME RECENT OPERAS

WITH the advent of *The Immortal Hour* to what may be called a West End theatre, it is worth while considering wherein is likely to lie the appeal of opera to an ordinary public. We so seldom see an English opera that it is difficult to form any judgment of this. Foreign operas scarcely give the clue we want, as they all have the backing of numerous Covent Garden performances behind them in the days when we had a Grand Season illumined by Stars. If we consider actually English operas our minds perhaps go first to Holst's *Savitri*, performed last year at Hammersmith. This little opera certainly made a deep impression upon many, but again, it scarcely stood the real test, as it was played for only two *matinées*, and before that special type of audience which a *matinée* of the kind always attracts. More

illuminating were the performances of Nicholas Gatty's *The Tempest* and *Prince Feron*, and Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate* at the Old Vic. About the first, unfortunately, I cannot speak, as I was unable to be present at any of the performances, but there is no doubt that the last two made an immediate appeal to a type of audience, which, though far from unintelligent, is composed of what we call "the man in the street," though this particular "man" has had the advantage of seeing many adequate, if not inspired, performances of well-known operas, thus forming a general standard of taste in these matters. Both these operas have quite a straight-forward story, told in direct English, set to natural sounding declamation (indeed, Ethel Smyth's handling of quite impossibly conversational English is little short of marvellous), interspersed with "numbers" (less marked in the case of Gatty's opera). In both the plot is naïvely simple, though the type is entirely different, Ethel Smyth's being the epitome of the commonplace, and Gatty's a romantic fairy-tale absurdity, calling for some sumptuousness of setting. *The Boatswain's Mate* is well built, though it is a little slow at the opening, and the *ensemble* towards the end of the second scene is too prolonged. In *Feron* the dramatic interest is rather spoilt by the fact that the audience is let into the secret right at the beginning, instead of being allowed to find it out. But despite these faults the works get home. Is there any factor common to the two to which we can with any degree of truth attribute their success? Yes, I think there is. It seems to me that there are three things which helped to give these works an immediate appeal. First, we have a straight-forward plot, dramatically effective; secondly, it is set down in intelligible English, intelligibly sung; and thirdly, it is produced as plays are produced in any self-respecting theatre, namely, by one responsible person, who considers it as a whole and in detail, who indicates to the singers the lines on which he believes their presentment of the characters they play should follow, while using to the best of his ability and moulding into his scheme their own ideas and their idiosyncrasies of character and temperament, whose authority is, in fact, absolute where anything that happens on the stage is concerned. In close touch with him, of course, must be both conductor and designer; it is only by such collaboration that really satisfying results can be achieved. To an enormous number of Englishmen an opera is so unnatural—"People don't sing in real life," they say, and the type of performance to which they are accustomed, in which a wretched lady and gentleman are emptied upon the stage through the nearest entrance and left to do the wave or windmill act at each other indefinitely, only helps to strengthen their prejudice. Intelligent production, however, should create such a unity, such a sense of

completeness, that we feel ourselves to be in a world where *not* to sing would be ridiculous, just as in a novel of George Meredith it would be unnatural for people to talk other than they do, however unlike life their conversation may actually be.

Of course, a great deal depends upon the singers themselves, which takes us back to the question of intelligibility. Intelligibility in singing is a more complex thing than is generally supposed. For instance, it is the custom of most critics to say, "It is a pity that such and such a singer does not try to say his words more clearly," and they quite fail to realise that many of the people who try the hardest are the most difficult to understand, simply because there is some technical fault in their vocal emission which prevents any vowel from sounding in the way they intended it. It is no use saying, as some do, that if you speak your words clearly your voice will come right. The reverse is actually the case; that is, the more perfect is your vocal emission, the easier it is for you to speak the words clearly. But there is more in the question of intelligibility than this. There is also the intelligibility of the words themselves, not to mention the capability in the listener (very variable) to grasp the meaning of words immediately, whether easy or obscure. In a recent performance of an opera, I was present at the dress rehearsal, and of three singers on the stage, one I understood throughout, one I heard occasionally, while of the other I heard scarcely a word. Now, the words were excessively obscure, but I knew them well, so that the latter case was clearly one of bad enunciation. The next day one of the critics classed all three singers together as unintelligible, a proof to me that he had not the ability to understand, possibly owing to the difficulty of the words, possibly from sheer slowness of hearing. Among the other criticisms I read, one praised certain of these singers for making such obscure words intelligible at all, while another complained bitterly that he heard too much of what was merely twaddle! Obscurity then, let us agree, should be avoided at all costs, for the sake of both singers and opera.

As to plot, it may easily be argued that direct drama is not a necessity. In the case of *Markheim*, for instance, a short opera by Napier Miles, produced lately at Shirehampton, Stevenson's dramatic story is so arresting, that his little opera cannot fail to make an effect. But I was told by more than one person present that the play was so intensely interesting that one literally did not notice the music, except at certain moments. If, however, as I believe, it helped to intensify the drama, it has well served its purpose. A drama can actually be too violent for music, and to my mind in *Tosca*, for example, the movement is so swift that at times the music impedes it, and in the second act does not intensify, but in reality softens, the horrors of the play. *The*

Immortal Hour, on the other hand, is both obscure in words and vague in the working out of its plot. Yet it does not fail to attract, in spite of the length and want of drama of the first act. This, I think, is chiefly due to the absolute "other-world-ness" of the atmosphere, but also in no small degree to a setting which shows much careful thought and a great sense of beauty. In a word, it has been put on by a producer of plays with all the care necessary to the production of a play. Moreover, I am convinced that a greater directness in both plot and speech would by no means destroy, but increase, its attractions for the everyday public, for there are many who are both puzzled and bored by the first act, despite the haunting beauty of much of the music. When all is said and done, I cannot get rid of the impression that such operas as *Faust* and *Carmen* owe their endless popularity all the world over not merely to the charm of their music, but also to their admirable books, which make a direct appeal to the mind of the average human being. And the quick response of the audience to every nuance in Edward Dent's excellent translations of the Mozart operas at the Old Vic leads me to believe that I am not far wrong.

CLIVE CAREY.

A NATION OF OPERA-GOERS

EVERY day and in every way—to adopt a Coué formula—we grow more concerned with the question of national opera. Impossible to open a newspaper without finding some reference to this burning topic. Questions are asked which reflect a lively, but confused, interest in the subject. The replies, equally numerous, are mostly at variance with each other and usually inconclusive. Invited to give my views, I have no hesitation in saying that if our desire to possess permanent national opera houses in England is keen enough, we can have them, if not to-morrow, at least in the near future. This incurable optimism I have caught from another nation which has long since solved the operatic problem in a satisfactory way.

During the last three years I have spent some time in Czechoslovakia where, under the auspices of the Ministry of Public Enlightenment, I have seen what is now being done for music in general, and especially for national opera.

Until the middle of last century musical conditions in Bohemia were hopeless for the Slavonic majority of the population. State theatres were all under German management and available only for German

plays and operas. Native drama and music were housed in unsuitable halls, frequently not even rainproof. With the renaissance of the national intellectual life, after 1848, which brought with it the systematic collection of the folksongs, the aspiration after a national opera house became a fixed idea with the Czechs. By 1860 the situation had become sufficiently favourable to draw home to Bohemia, from Sweden, a distinguished musical exile, Bedrich Smetana, who assumed the leadership of the movement. Nothing could be hoped from Austrian support, but funds were raised by public subscription to which all classes contributed. In 1862 the Provisional Theatre was completed at a cost of 106,000 florins (about £9,000). Mites continued to pour in; for the opera, being the symbol of national regeneration, the desire for it was unanimous, and all realised the futility of awaiting the advent and aid of wealthy patrons who were non-existent. No sooner was the permanent Opera House built than it was burnt down. That occurred in 1881. The collection boxes were brought round again, and in two years' time the existing National Opera House (Národní Divadlo) rose on the banks of Vltava at Prague, as much a witness to the stubborn courage of the Czechs, as to their passion for music.

If this could be achieved by the zeal of some ten millions of over-taxed and subordinated people, what might not be done by Great Britain, granted a similar unanimity of purpose?

It is significant that the Czechs built their nest before their songsters had begun to lay. Smetana's eight operas, each reflecting a particular aspect of the national life and character, were nest-eggs for the encouragement of others. He called them "exemplars" and they were almost didactic in intention. The Opera House secured, every young Czech musician aspired to compose an opera. But the standard set by Smetana was high. We all know the courteous rebuff administered by him to Dvorák when he sent in the manuscript of his *King and Collier* for approval.

Smetana's successors, Adolf Cech and Karel Kovarovic, maintained his lofty and exacting rule. The history of the Národní Divadlo for the last forty years shows how few failures were produced there.

After Smetana came Dvorák and Fibich, whose Wagnerian proclivities led him from opera to melodrama; and a few men of minor fame, such as Blodek and Rozkosny, who each contributed one or two operas to the permanent repertory. At the beginning of this century Kovarovic and J. B. Foerster produced operas which have in them the stuff of lasting popularity.

The repertory of native operas given at the National Theatre, Prague, during the season 1920-1921, the number of performances in each

case, and the character of the work, serves to give an idea of public taste in Czechoslovakia :—Smetana : *The Bartered Bride*, rustic comic opera (38); *Dalibor*, legendary history (10); *The Two Widows*, comedy of manners (7); *The Secret*, comic opera (8); *The Kiss*, serio-comic, peasant life (9); *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia*, historical (9); *Libusa*, epic festival opera (5). Dvorák : *Jakobin*, comedy opera (8); *Rousalka*, lyric opera on a popular legend (9); *The Devil and Kate*, comic opera (4); *The Peasant a Rogue*, comic opera (9); Fibich : *Sarka*, legendary, tragic (4); *The Tempest*, based on Shakespeare's play (7); *The Bride of Messina*, tragic opera (8). Kovarovic : *At the Old Bleaching House*, idyllic, based on a popular novel (10); *The Peasant's Charter* (Psohlavci), historical (10). Leos Janáček : *Jenufa* (*Jeji Pastorkyna*), a Moravian music drama (6); *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek*, a satirical opera. J. B. Foerster : *Eva*, based on a folk drama (4); *Jessica*, from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* (8); *The Unconquered*, romantic comedy (1). Ostrcil : *The Bud*, humorous comedy (1). Karel Weiss : *The Forest Smithy* (7).

Two things strike us as we read this list : first that, with the exception of the Shakespearian operas, every one of these popular works deals with subjects readily understood by the people; and secondly, that the frequency with which these works are repeated makes them actually and delightfully familiar to the operatic public. In Czechoslovakia this public includes all who have the price of a ticket in their pockets. The subscribers' list at most of the opera houses is, however, so full that the seats left vacant for casual visitors seldom suffice to meet the demand.

Since Czechoslovakia became an independent Republic in 1918, conditions have greatly improved in the provinces, where there are now twelve towns in which opera is given for at least some months in the year. The standard of performance varies very much, but the public support is a constant element. Brno, the chief town of Moravia, supports a permanent opera house very little, if at all, inferior to the Národní Divadlo, of Prague. Here the tendency is less conservative than in the capital; for though the cult of Smetana's music, as the bardic utterance of the people's aspirations and sufferings, still holds sway, this nation, which is reconstructing its entire social and political life, must naturally reconstruct to some extent its musical ideals.

In Brno the paramount influence is Leos Janáček, who has brought a new, naturalistic spirit into opera. Janáček, who has developed slowly under adverse circumstances, only won due recognition after his sixtieth year. He uses a song-speech derived from the melody of everyday speech, somewhat after the manner of Moussorgsky, and has command of a strikingly original orchestral colour. Of his three fine,

and poignantly human, operas: *Jeji Pastorkyna*, a Moravian peasant music-drama; *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek*, an operatic satire, and *Kat'a Kabanova*, based on Ostrovsky's Russian drama, *The Storm*, the first and last are finding their way over the Bohemian borders into Germany. They will travel far, because they fulfil one requirement of modern opera: that it should contain some reflection of actual daily life.

From this brief account of operatic activity in Czechoslovakia it is evident that a country need not be wealthy, nor even start out with a great repertory of first-class works, in order to enjoy opera, not as a luxury, but as a feature of daily existence. What is wanted is enthusiasm and the discipline to submit to a firm management that will not let itself be hustled into producing half-baked experiments. It is a responsibility that has worn out several first-rate Czech directors and conductors, including Smetana himself. But the standard has been maintained; and this attitude has given opera the firm position it now holds in the cultural life of the Czechs.

One word more. In Czechoslovakia care is exercised in the nurturing of critical enthusiasts. The opera forms part of children's education. Contingents from the elementary schools are sent to hear suitable operas. The children of the richer classes are taken to hear everything—suitable or not. Thus a fresh generation of habitual opera-goers is in continual process of formation.

ROSA NEWMARCH.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

The Organ Works of Bach. By Harvey Grace. Novello.

To have a great subject and a great knowledge of that subject are two conditions of a worthy book; to add to these a sound plan, the clinching word and that sense of proportion which is ultimately a sense of humour is to make a good book. Without wishing to embarrass Mr. Harvey Grace with more virtues than would leave him human, we are afraid that he must plead guilty to these, and that his book is irretrievably good.

The plan is to take the works according to their scope or subject—trio-sonatas, fugues (two sets), choral preludes (three sets)—but keeping an eye on the chronology; in this way there is no confusing of the issue and the growth is clear. We are not bothered with lists and dates and antiquarian lore beyond what we can well bear; we are not asked to delay over every small work or every detail of a large one; we are neither crammed with facts nor stuffed with opinions; we are expected to think (and agree, if we see fit) and to verify the reference, and, as a result, we sympathetically live the work over again. Reference is to the Novello Edition in nineteen volumes with cross reference to others. The latter, for those who do not possess Novello, is a little tiresome, but is unnecessary for anyone who knows the works by their titles and can turn to them straight away in whatever edition he happens to have.

The author is thinking, all the while he is discussing the work, how it will sound. He has plenty to tell us at need (but not otherwise) about registration and phrasing, though he obviously prefers to leave both to common sense. He holds, like every sensible musician, that the content decides the *tempo*, but whenever there is any doubt he inclines to a good round pace. "Bach made the pace as hot as his instruments would allow. If he played on a modern organ he would make it hotter still." There is a quick eye for style throughout the book; a mistake about style is, we are made to feel, both the besetting sin and the unpardonable mistake of players.

On the whole we do not see how the book could well be either more readable or more practical. The printing of words and music is excellent. We have noticed only three misprints:—(p. 103) 61 for 161; (p. 182) either "No. 4" or "Vivace" is wrong; (p. 256) in the treble of the first bar the A should be natural.

The Art of Transcribing for the Organ. By Herbert F. Ellingford.
H. W. Gray & Co. and Novello.

The book is in three sections, of which the first deals with the accompaniment of choral music, the second with symphonic works, and is therefore of use to recitalists, and the third chiefly with pianoforte music and songs. The author enlarges on the evils of bad transcriptions for the pianoforte. But are the piano accompaniments of the *Elijah*

really so bad? They reproduce in most cases only the string parts, but these are, as the author admits, the foundation of the orchestra, and they give us what we want—an independent accompaniment which is simple in form. A transcription which gave the effect of the combined orchestral parts might be technically difficult to the accompanist at a rehearsal without helping the singers. The pity is not so much that the piano part was ever written as that it is usually played on the organ.

The examples are too short to show the problems in registration which are likely to arise. The author gives the registration in each case, but no general guidance to those who wish to make their own transcriptions; perhaps he has done so elsewhere. Here, he has not tried to convert the organ into an orchestra, but has just pointed the way from orchestra to organ.

D. HOPKINS.

The Liturgical Use of the Organ. By Godfrey Sceats. *Musical Opinion.*

Of the two parts of this book, the first, after an interesting chapter on Bach and before a useful chapter on extemporisation, provides a list of organ compositions convenient for use in the service. The second offers original interludes and postludes as "experimental." They are modern in character; to a musician some are beautiful and all are interesting, to a congregation they would all be hideous and distracting.

D. HOPKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN APPROXIMATION TO THE TRUTH ABOUT AUGUST WILHELMJ. (*See July, 1922, page 219.*)

Oct. 22.

DEAR SIR,

With reference to the article on Wilhelmj in the July number of *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, I should like to draw your attention to a number of inaccuracies. The greater part of the article may be regarded as consisting of an expression of opinion with which the reader may or may not agree, but there are a number of statements or inferences on pp. 224-227 which do not come under this heading, and which can be shown to be inaccurate.

The writer states that in his opinion Wilhelmj and Yeaye were the most thoroughly in tune of all violin players, and immediately goes on to say that the former would sound sharp when playing with an orchestra and the latter flat. These statements are obviously inconsistent. If for two notes the number of vibrations per second (or the frequency) of the fundamental note is exactly the same, the two notes are perfectly in tune. This is independent of the quality of the note, i.e., of the number and strength of the harmonics or upper partials.

If this were not so the different instruments in an orchestra would not be in tune unless they played at different pitches, depending upon the number and strength of the upper partials present. To take a definite example, if the flute and oboe were playing in unison, according to the writer of the article the oboe, which is extremely rich in the upper partials, would always sound sharp compared with the flute, which is poor in upper partials. This, of course, is not the case.

The other inaccuracies are not of such fundamental importance. The statement that the upper partials on the G string of a violin are less prominent than those of the E string is quite incorrect (see the classical researches of Helmholtz on this subject). Again, the inference that the wood-wind instruments give comparatively simple tones is incorrect, the flute being the only wood-wind instrument answering this description. The bassoon and oboe are probably as rich in upper partials as any instrument in the orchestra, with the possible exception of the horn, and the clarinet is also quite rich in spite of the fact that only odd partials are present.

Yours faithfully,

H. M. GARNER.

Nov. 11.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent treats me as though I had undertaken to write a small elementary cram-book on Acoustics, for people who could not tell B flat from a boiler explosion! He also misquotes me in three places, therefore I cannot claim to be greatly his superior in the matter of inaccuracies.

I can assure him that I am well acquainted with all the facts he mentions. They apply to the theory of music solely on the physical plane. Before such facts can be made workable in the criticism (appreciation) of an artist they must be modified by facts and theories taken from the physiological plane and the psychical plane. If the Editor should desire me to go into this matter more fully I shall be ready to do so, given a reasonable delay, as I am not a man of leisure, and it would be a long business.

A further source of difference between Mr. Garner and myself lies in the different meanings with which we use the expression "in tune." To my hearing nearly all musical instruments are out of tune with one another, though, of course, not unpleasantly so.

In conclusion, may I be allowed to say that I wrote about Wilhelmj (and to some extent Ysaye), not because I considered myself the person most fit to do so (I have, indeed, held my peace for many a long year), but because lesser violinists were being praised beyond their relative merits, and because no one else had taken the matter up.

Mr. James Brown was in many ways better equipped for the task than I, and, provided he has heard Wilhelmj play, so is Mr. H. J. Watt. I shall look forward to reading a nearer approximation to the truth about Wilhelmj than mine, but I am quite prepared, if required to do so, to show that Mr. Garner's objections are both tedious and irrelevant.

Yours faithfully,

H. P. MORGAN-BROWNE.



The GROTRIAN STEINWEG PIANO

PRE-EMINENT AMONG THE WORLD'S GREAT PIANOS.

THE Grotrian Steinweg has won its present proud position by its sterling qualities and high artistic merits. Its marvellous delicacy of touch, magnificent tonal qualities, and beautiful yet dignified case designs, have been acclaimed by the greatest musicians and the discriminating public.

THE HOMOGENEOUS SOUNDBOARD,

Exclusive to the Grotrian Steinweg Piano,

is the greatest development in pianoforte construction during the past 50 years. Built on advanced scientific principles, it produces in a piano that wonderful perfection of tone which has made the Grotrian Steinweg instruments supreme.

It is the ONLY Guarantee of Uniform Perfection of Tone.

FERRUCCIO BUSONI says:

"Your instruments are distinguished by their delicacy of touch, beautiful tone and correct and perfect workmanship."

EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

Extremely moderate prices and a generous exchange allowance on your present instrument, the cash balance being arranged to suit your convenience.

Write for full details to Dept. A, or call.

The BRITISH GROTRIAN STEINWEG CO.,

40, Gt. Marlborough St.

(Near Oxford Circus Station),

LONDON, W. 1.

"Here is a composer with great ideas, with an uncommon gift for musical expression, and whose work bears the UNMISTAKABLE IMPRINT OF GENIUS."

The above extract is from an article by Mr. L. Dunton Green in the *Arts Gazette*, and refers to

WILLIAM BAINES

whose principal compositions (for piano) are as follows:—

PARADISE GARDENS (2/6 net)

SILVERPOINTS (2/6 net)

1. Labyrinth
2. Water-Pearls
3. The Burning Joss-Stick
4. Floralia

TIDES (2/- each).

1. The Lone Wreck
2. Good-night to Flamboro'

SEVEN PRELUDES (3/6 net)

MILESTONES (2/6 net)

1. Ave! Imperator
2. Angelus
3. Milestones (A Walking Tune)

THREE CONCERT STUDIES
(2/- each).

1. Exaltation
2. The Naiad
3. Radiance

ELKIN & CO., LTD.,

8 & 10, Beak Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

And of all Music Sellers.

The British Music Society.

(Founded in 1918 by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull.)

Patron—The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, O.M., M.P.

President—The Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Chairman of Committee—Sir HUGH P. ALLEN, M.A., Mus. Doc.

Secretary—Mrs. V. I. BALKWILL, M.A.

SOME OF THE OBJECTS.

1. TO FORM Centres and Branches all over the World.
2. TO FIGHT for a recognised place for music in education.
3. TO STIMULATE the appreciation of music by lectures and concerts.
4. TO CHAMPION the cause of British composers at home and abroad.
5. TO FEDERATE all musical activities in Great Britain for greater strength.
6. TO ESTABLISH music libraries all over the Kingdom.

Full Members subscribe One Guinea per annum, for which they receive the Bulletin monthly, the Catalogue, and all local privileges.

Offices: 3, BERNERS STREET, W. 1.

Telephone: Museum 7861.

MR. ALBERT VISETTI,

Professor of Singing, Composer and Conductor,
12, Phillimore Terrace, Kensington, W.

PASS along your copy of *MUSIC*
AND *LETTERS* to a friend and
ask him to become a Subscriber.

BOSWORTH & CO., LTD., COPYRIGHT PROPRIETORS FOR THE
BRITISH EMPIRE.

STEINGRAEBER EDITION.

There is no reason to complain of Music being too dear. Ask for the New List of the
Steingraeber Edition of the Classics, the
CHEAPEST, COMPLETEST and BEST EDITION ON THE MARKET.

Used at all the Principal Conservatoriums throughout the world. Every up-to-date
Music Seller stocks it.

BOSWORTH & CO., Ltd., 8, HEDDON STREET, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Two New Volumes o

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF LUTENIST SONG WRITERS.

Transcribed, Scored, and Edited from the
original editions by

EDMUND H. FELLOWES, M.A., Mus.Doc.

VOLUME VI.

JOHN DOWLAND'S

Second Book of Aires, 1600.

Part II., containing songs No. 11 to .

VOLUME VII.

FRANCIS PILKINGTON'S

First Book of Songs or Aires, 1605.

Part I., containing Nos. 1 to 10.

Six Shillings Net Each Volume.

The first seven volumes contain songs by
CAMPLAN, DOWLAND, FORD & PILKINGTON
Prospectus on Application.

The following songs are now issued in
separate form.

JOHN DOWLAND.

"FROM SILENT NIGHT" (with accompaniment
for Violin, Violoncello and Piano).

"I SAW MY LADY WEEP."

THOMAS FORD.

"WHAT, THEN, IS LOVE?"

One Shilling and Sixpence Net Each Song.

WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.

18, Berners Street, London, W. 1.

To keep its readers in touch with new pro-
ductions at the theatres, with new music and new
interpretations, with current art exhibitions, with
the best of the new books and the worthiest of
new films, to deal with every art event of any
consequence in London and to estimate fairly
and impartially its importance—this is the aim
of the

ARTS GAZETTE

Edited by

J. T. GREIN

and

L. DUNTON GREEN.

Weekly, 6d.

Annual Subscription 20s.

A SPECIMEN COPY (price 4d. post free) may
be obtained direct from the Managing Editor,

Mr. FRANK RUTTER,

7, Earl's Court Square, London, S.W.5.

BELL PIANOS

Ideal for Professional or Concert use.

Latest models include the Model Nine, a real Grand
Piano in an upright case. Longer strings and finer tone
than in any short horizontal grand.

BRITISH MAKE.

New Catalogues from any Pianoforte Dealer, or from—

THE BELL PIANO & ORGAN Co., Ltd.

(Founded 1894)

Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town,
London, N.W.5.



LA REVUE MUSICALE

La plus importante et la plus belle des
Revue d'Art Musical Ancien et Moderne,

publie le 1^{er} Octobre un numéro spécial consacré à

GABRIEL FAURÉ

SOMMAIRE

Souvenirs par Gabriel Fauré.—*Gabriel Fauré* par Emile Vuillermoz.
—*Les Mélodies* par Maurice Ravel et Roland-Manuel.—*La Musique
de chambre* par Roger-Ducasse.—*La Musique de piano* par Alfred
Cortot.—*L'Œuvre dramatique* par Charles Kœchlin.—*La Musique
symphonique* par Florent Schmitt.—*La Musique religieuse* par
Nadia Boulanger.—*Gabriel Fauré et les poètes* par René Chalupt.

SUPPLÉMENT MUSICAL

Sept pièces de piano *sur le nom de Fauré* (fa, la, sol, ré, mi) par ses
anciens élèves : Louis Aubert, Georges Enesco, Charles Kœchlin,
P. Ladmirault, Maurice Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, Florent Schmitt.
40 pages de musique gravée inédite sous une couverture ornée d'un
dessin original de Maxime Dethomas.

Hors-texte : Portrait de Gabriel Fauré. Dessin inédit de Sir John
Sargent, gravé sur bois par Georges Aubert.

Portrait de Gabriel Fauré, dessiné et gravé en deux tons par Aubert.
Dans le texte : Gabriel Fauré, croquis inédit de Jules Flandrin

PRIX : FRANCE ... 8 fr. — ETRANGER ... 10 fr.

ABONNEMENT ANNUEL :

FRANCE ... 50 fr. — ETRANGER ... 60 fr.

ÉDITIONS DE LA NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE
3, RUE DE GRENELLE, PARIS, VI^e

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

(PUBLISHED IN AMERICA)

O. G. SONNECK, Editor.

January, 1923.

CONTENTS.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC AND THE MUSIC OF HISTORY.
G. Francesco Malipiero (Venice).

A STUDY IN MUSICAL ABILITY.
Edward E. Harper (Vancouver, B.C., Canada).

CÉSAR FRANK.
Julien Tiersot (Paris).

BREATHING AND COMMON SENSE.
Harry Collis Thorpe (New York).

MONTE CARLO: OPERA DE LUXE.
George Cecil (Paris).

TOWARDS A METHOD IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.
M. D. Calvocoressi (London).

SHELLEY'S MUSICAL INSPIRATION.
Andrew Cosens (Paris).

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI.
Guido M. Gatti (Turin).

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER AND THE AMERICAN PUBLISHER.
O. G. Sonneck (New York).

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.
Carl Engel (Washington, D.C.).

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

20/- A YEAR.

At 3 East 43rd Street,
New York, N.Y.

8/- A COPY

Entered as second-class matter, December 31, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

OBTAINABLE FROM

J. & W. CHESTER Ltd.,
11, Great Marlborough Street, London, W. 1.

Exclusive representatives for G. SCHIRMER, Inc., N.Y.

J. & W. Chester, Ltd.,

MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

Recent Publications.

CIMAROSA—MALIPIERO.

La Cimarosiana.	<i>Suite.</i>	PRICE.
Five Symphonic Fragments for Orchestra arranged for Piano by Eric Blom		2/6 net.

MANUEL DE FALLA.

Fantasia Bætica.	
Piano Solo	5/- net.

EUGÈNE GOOSSENS.

Suite.	
From the Incidental Music to EAST OF SUEZ, being performed at His Majesty's Theatre.	
Piano Solo	5/- net.

FRANCIS POULENC.

Six Impromptus for Piano.	4/- net.
----------------------------------	----------

IGOR STRAWINSKY.

Grande Suite de L'Histoire du Soldat.	
Arranged for Piano by the Composer	10/- net.

JOHN R. HEATH.

Poem : "In the Heart of the Country."	
For Violin and Piano	2/6 net.

J. SIBELIUS.

Four Pieces for Violin and Piano.

1. Melisande, Op. 46, No. 2.	2. Alla Gavotte, Op. 46, No. 7.
3. The Solitary Song, Op. 50, No. 3.	4. Nocturne, Op. 51, No. 3.
Each 2/- net.	

11, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: GERRARD 7941.

